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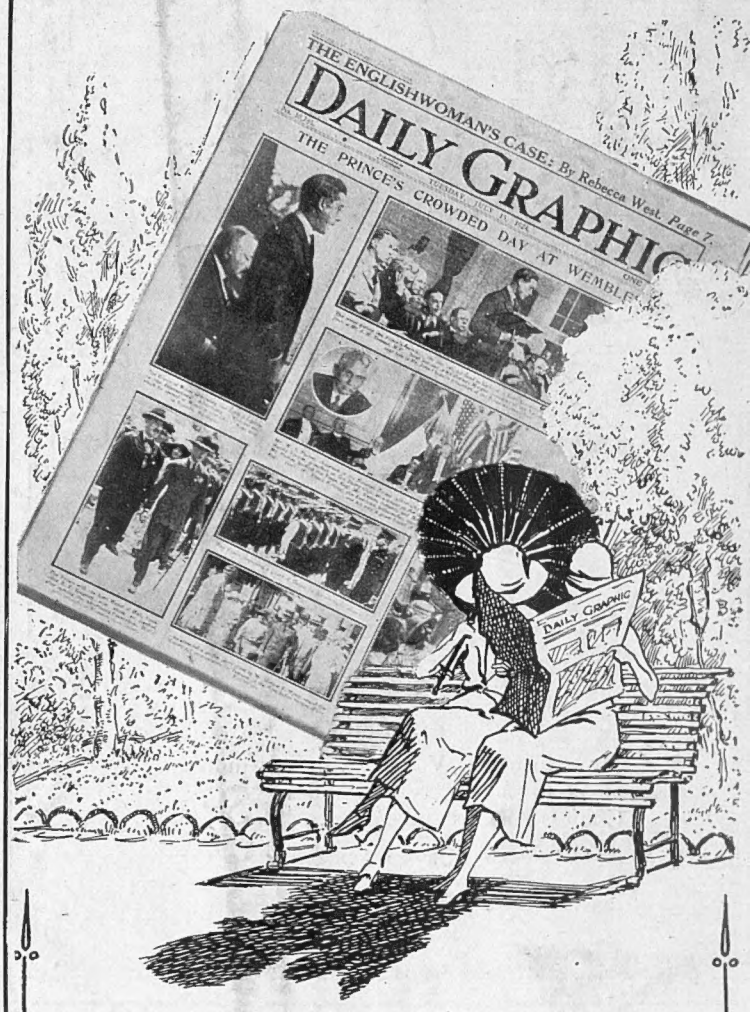

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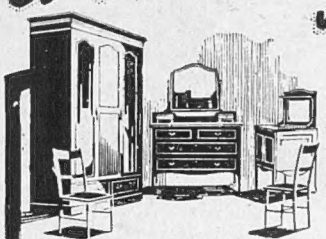

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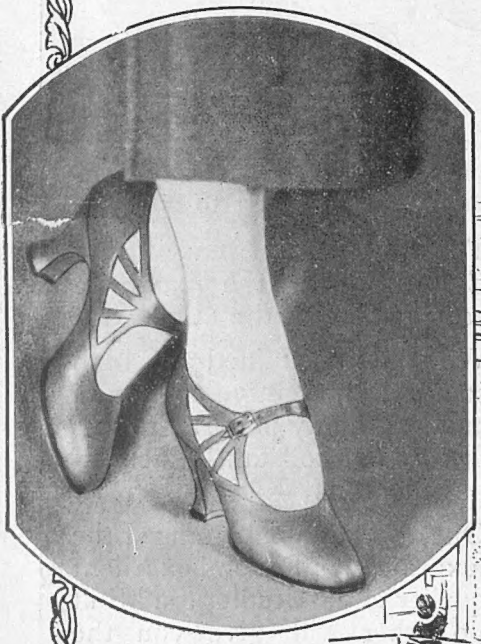

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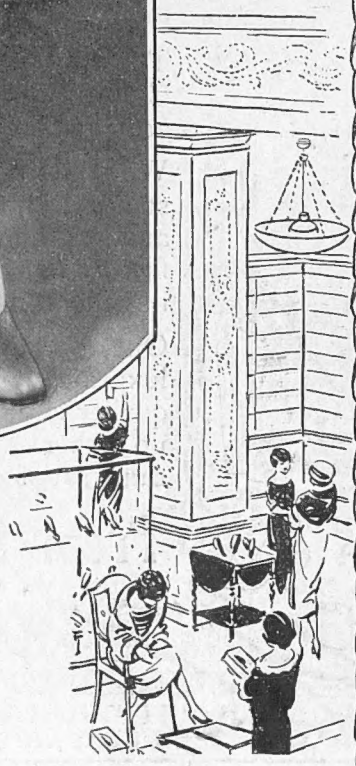

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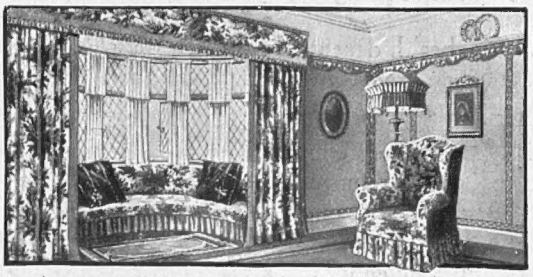

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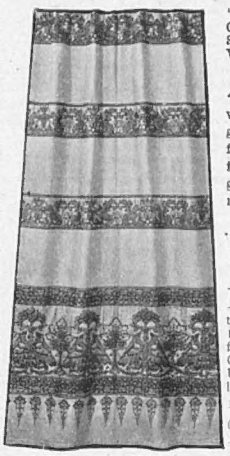

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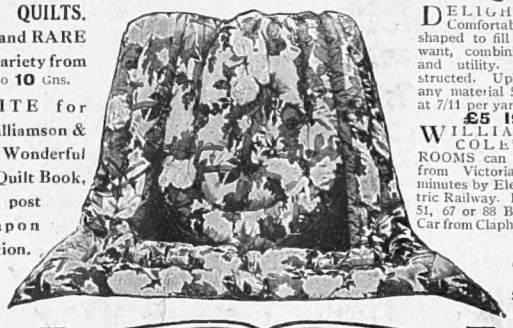

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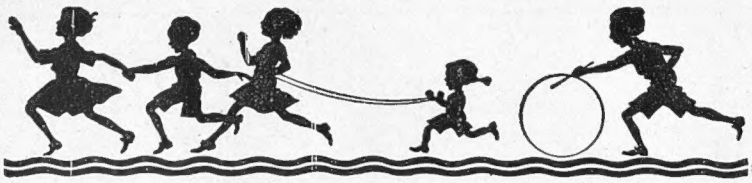

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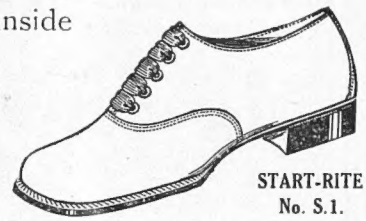
This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inward.



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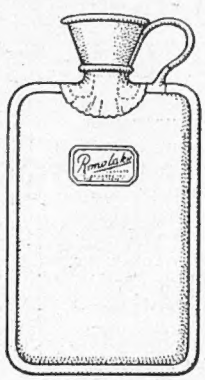

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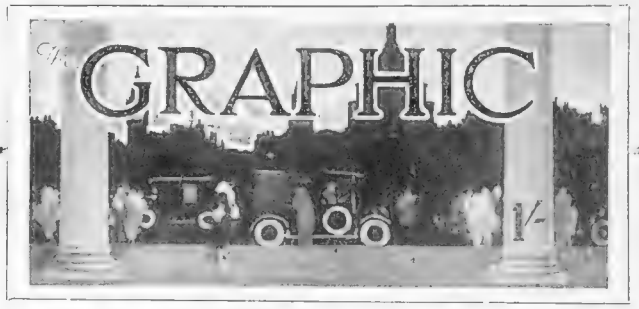

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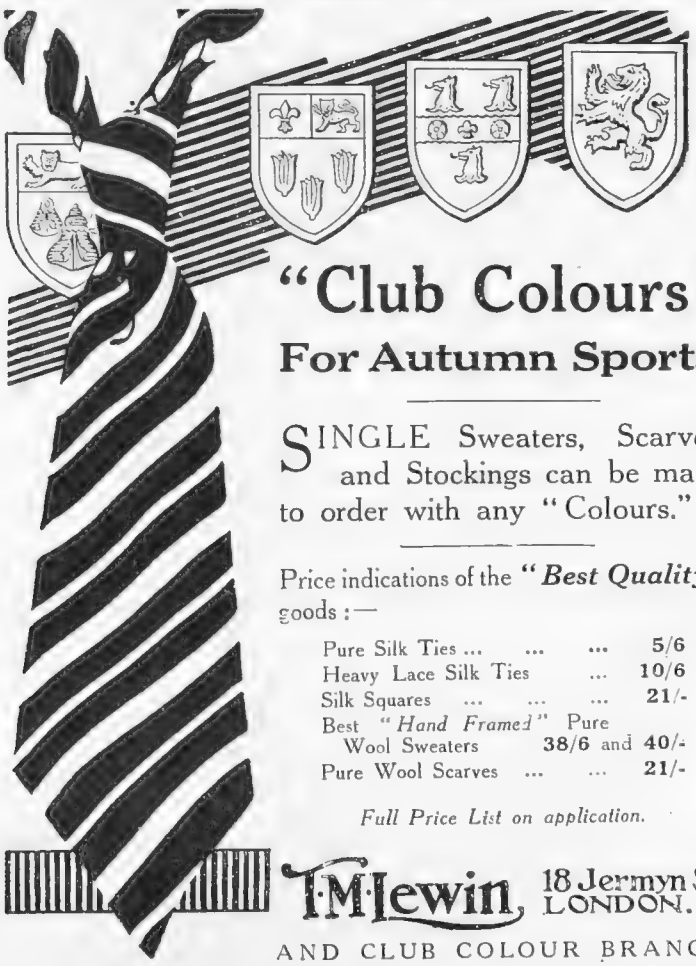

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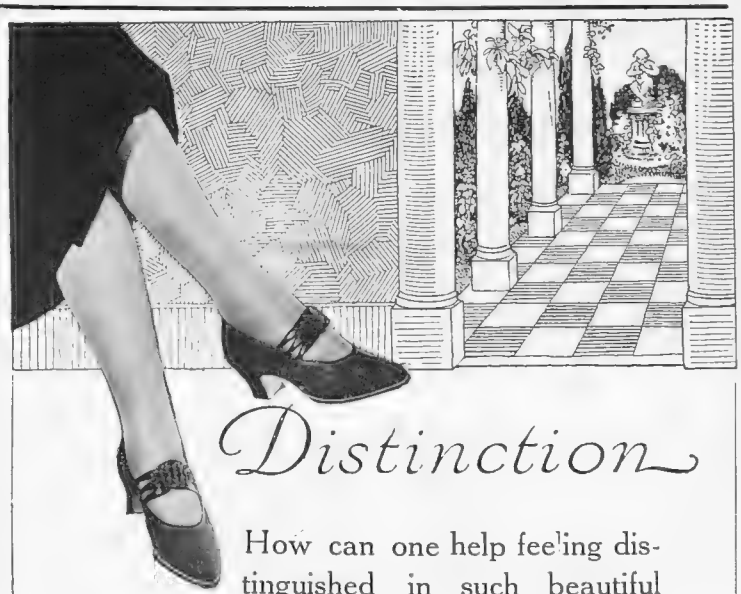

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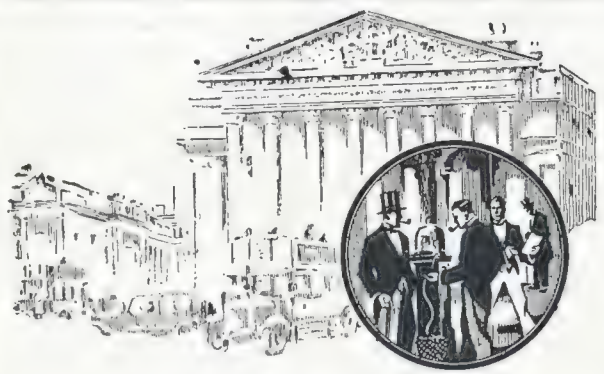

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No. 1087. Vol. LXXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

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The only daughter of the Master of the Hertfordshire, William Walker, Esq., of High Canons, Shenley

BY BLAM

THE OPENING MEET OF THE "CAPITAL" HUNT

A few personalities noted by our special hound (sleuth variety) at the big meet of the (political) season. Those present were (from left to right): Messrs. Wheatley, Shaw, Clynes, Miss Bondfield, Ramsay MacDonald, Esq., M.F.H., Mr. J. H. Thomas, Miss Lawrence, Messrs. Henderson, Snowden, Walsh, and Webb

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

Little Foxes

THIS is the season of the year when gallant sportsmen and their ladies get up in the middle of the night to hustle the little foxes. The game of cubbing is undertaken more as a matter of duty than anything else. No one enjoys getting up in the middle of the night, even though such early rising is frightfully good for them.

So This Is Cub-Hunting

UP till now, the cubs have lived placid and uneventful lives. They have dined regularly off cold chicken and they have played in the sunshine, fearing no man. And now, into their lives has come such a turmoil and a hubbub as never was. Stern cruel men with big whips and blue noses beat and belabour the more junior hounds, while the little foxes sit up, with ears cocked, wondering what all the commotion is about.

Just About His Weight

THEY soon learn! Into their intimate family circle blunders a young hound still smarting under the lash of the huntsman's tongue. He is feeling that he is a failure in life, and the thought has soured him somewhat. He doesn't know a fox from a guinea-pig, but he is out to make mischief, and these funny little chaps are just about his weight.

It Serves Them Right

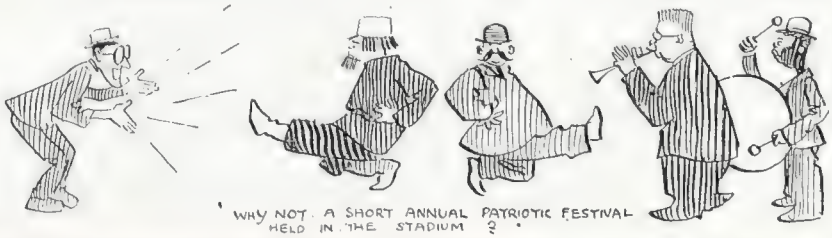
CUB-HUNTING is a cold and calculating business. The bad men with blue noses who beat the young hounds with whips and defile the fresh air of the morning with language as blue as—as their noses, are on murder bent. They are out to kill little foxes, and, what is worse, it is against the lady foxes that their wrath is directed. Bad men! Bad men! On reflection, I am glad that they have to get up in the middle of the night, and that their noses are blue. And if anyone has read these paragraphs without seeing the joke—may their noses be as blue. You can't touch me because I've got my nib crossed!

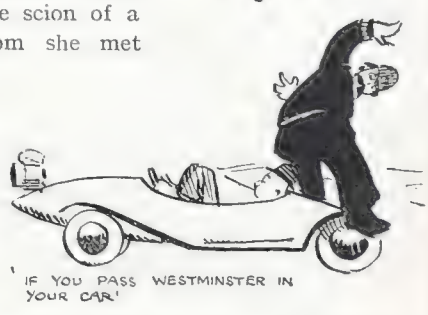
Librarians, Please Note

FROM Huddersfield comes the story of a crime that should stir all good Bystanders to their marrow-bones. There is, it appears, great competition at the local library to secure an early copy of a certain illustrated weekly which modesty forbids me to name. One morning, an enthusiast sought vainly for the coveted paper, but all he could find was the empty reading case. He sought the librarian, and the two of them sought for THE BYSTANDER—there, I've said it—but without result. All the time, another reader was deeply absorbed in the *Bee-Keeper's Journal*, and when he had read it from cover to cover, he passed it on to a friend who, apparently, also kept a bee. And what do you think? The artful fellow had placed THE BYSTANDER in the jacket that belonged by right to the *Bee-Keeper's Journal* in order that he might read it at his leisure.

The Blind Archer

YOU know the casual manner in which we announce an engagement in this country: "A marriage has been arranged. . . ." They don't make that mistake in America. Read what a society journal from the other side has to say of the heart affairs of a young lady not unknown in Yurrup: "Perhaps Kitty was, after all, merely passing on the latest French *bon mot*, but if what I hear is true I am rather inclined to believe she was giving her friends a very gladsome confidence. At any rate, deponent has it that the itinerant young lady has at last capitulated to the whisperings of the blind archer. The party, if all this is true, is not any of the swains of Philadelphia or the Metropolis who have been pursuing Kitty since her debut, parenthetically, some years ago, but is an Italian—the scion of a well-known Roman family—whom she met on her recent jaunt overseas."





What Next?

Now that the American world fliers have completed their gigantic task, one is tempted to wonder what novel undertaking awaits the super-man of the future who itches to take on a super-job. Such splendid pioneers are being regularly produced, and it will be hard lines on the next generation if they have to possess their souls in patience while serving in dry goods stores and sitting on office stools. The seven seas have been charted and exploration is the recreation of lady novelists. What remains?

Concerning Converts

Most of us, I suppose, have been converted to the theory of Trade Unionism, but it is a little difficult to understand the attitude of certain leaders who attack reputable employers of labour instead of weeding out the black sheep. If the Actors' Association confined themselves to bogus managements they would be performing a splendid service to the stage, but when they bring their forces to bear on men like Sir John Martin-Harvey, they are forfeiting the sympathy that would otherwise be theirs. What is Sir John's record? During the most difficult times, he has found regular employment for large numbers of players, and his record in this respect stands far above that of certain actor-managers who have thrown in their lot with the Actors' Association. But that is usually the case. Save us from the convert who becomes the super-enthusiast.

IN EPPING FOREST: WINSTON "WOOD" A-WOOING GO! By Blam

Splendid Appreciation

Authors so seldom get their just deserts that it is refreshing to find one being defended by his leading player. Miss Eva Moore—who was early marked out for slaughter by the A. A., aforesaid—has been putting in a good word for St. John Ervine, the critic-author who wrote her new play, *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*. "In order to explain how highly I thought of the play," she says, "I must tell you that just before it was given me to read I had arranged a Continental holiday. I cancelled my holiday and played my part in the first production without salary in order to give it a chance." Let us hope that, in the future, Mr. Ervine the critic will not be too hard on those less fortunate dramatists who do not enjoy the advantages of Mr. Ervine the author.

Their Last Chance

If you pass Westminster in your super-car, or on the No. 19 bus, you cannot fail to be struck by the crowds of visitors waiting to see the inside of the House of Lords. Why this unprecedented rush? Is it because our country cousins feel this may be their last chance to see a real live lord, or do they feel in their hearts that they may one day sit in those comfortable seats. The intentions of a Labour Government toward the aristocracy are a little obscure. One felt, at one time, that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald might adopt a "take away that bauble" attitude, but now one is not so sure. Myself, I hope he will not depart from the tradition that encourages Prime Ministers to annex a peerage or two for themselves and their leading supporters. After all, it is an old and well-established custom.

A Human Trait

Chelsea have started on the long trail that leads to promotion, and it will be interesting to see how their supporters roll up to see them do battle in the Second Division. Is it better to go down fighting one's betters or to triumph over one's inferiors? From what I know of the Chelsea crowd, they would rather see their team beat a blind school than be defeated by a superior combination. Possibly this very human trait is not peculiar to Stamford Bridge. We all like to win—give us the points and let the credit go, as a literary gent nearly said.

The Pitch of Patriotism

The two best things about the Wembley Exhibition, in my opinion, were the Military Tattoo and the Storming of Zeebrugge in the Admiralty Theatre. Here were two intensely patriotic displays which moved audiences to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and I hope the authorities will see their way to revive them periodically even when the Exhibition is a thing of the past. Why not a short annual patriotic festival held in the Stadium? The Storming of Zeebrugge should be magnificent in such a setting, and the public have shown that they are prepared to defy the weather when their feelings are deeply stirred.

Herbert Marshall

Surely the record first-nighter among the stage stars is Herbert Marshall, who moves from one production to another with astonishing speed. Having finished with *Morals* at the Little on Saturday, he is already rehearsing for the new show at the Ambassadors due in a few weeks' time. Marshall is one of those enthusiastic players who does not spend wakeful nights wondering whether this or that show will run for a year. As his services are always in demand, and as he isn't afraid of work, he takes his chances with a light heart as they come along, and is consequently building up a big reputation at a record rate.

Our Hunting Supplement

Included as a Supplement in this number, is a complete list of Foxhounds in the British Isles, with full details of the Packs and their Masters, Days of Meeting, etc.

An Ayrshire Hostess En Famille

Photograph *Compton Collier*

The Hon. Mrs. James Arthur, with her son and daughter, in the grounds of Rodinghead, at Mauchline, Ayrshire, where Mrs. Arthur has been entertaining recently. Her husband is a member of the King's Body Guard of Scotland, the Royal Company of Archers, as is also her father-in-law, Lord Glenarthur

WHO, WHEN

BY THE BYSTANDER

Photograph *Sport and General*

A GROUSE SHOOT IN INVERNESS-SHIRE

Captain G. O'Brien Ffrench, Miss Sheila and Miss Elizabeth Brotherhood and Mrs. Howes walking the moors at Kyllachy, during Mr. Stanley Brotherhood's recent shoot

Photograph *Special Press*

THE WIFE OF THE MASTER

Lady Dalmeny at a cubbing meet of the Whaddon Chase at Oving, near Aylesbury. Lord Dalmeny has recently been appointed chairman of Tattersall's committee

Photograph *Photo Illust.*

SHOW DAY AT UCKFIELD

Colonel Needham and the Earl and Countess De la Warr at the Uckfield Agricultural Show

Hunting Prospects

HUNTING folk are inclined to be gloomy over the season's prospects. Foot-and-mouth disease, which brought hunting to an abrupt end in several districts last season, has not been entirely stamped out. And, until it is, the authorities have to exercise the greatest care — to the bitter disappointment of followers to hounds.

The Shires seem more badly affected than the West Country, so there is talk of the Prince of Wales hunting again in the Duke of Beaufort's country instead of from the Craven Club at Melton Mowbray as he did last year. One result of last season's restricted hunting is an increase in the number of foxes, with bitter complaints from farmers as to their depredations. In fact, in some places, foxes have done so much damage that the farmers are seeking authority to shoot them as vermin.

Cubbing has been allowed—with many restrictions—so the more optimistic hunting people take this as a hopeful sign. But everything depends on the devastating foot-and-mouth disease.

Photograph *Topical*

'CHASING ON THE ISLAND

The Misses Atherley, the Hon. Ursula Spencer and Captain Campbell at the Isle of Wight Steeplechases

The Belgian Embassy

FOR some time the Belgian Embassy has been housed in Lowndes Square, but it is now being removed to 20, Belgrave Square, which once upon a time was the town house of the late Lord Barnard. Since then it has been occupied by Sir John and Lady Ethel Baird.

It is a house particularly well adapted for entertaining. Its near neighbour, No. 18, the Austrian Legation, used to be the scene of brilliant parties when it was the Imperial Austrian Embassy with Count Mensdorff as Ambassador. Poor Count Mensdorff! He still longs to return to London, where he says he spent the happiest years of his life. But, apart from all else, his relationship to our own Royal Family makes that impossible. Nor would the Austrians care to be represented here by a Minister so closely connected with the old Imperial regime.

The mantle of No. 18, Belgrave Square will probably fall on No. 20, for Baron and Baroness Moncheur are the most hospitable and assiduous of hosts and hostesses, and entertain constantly, both "officially" and unofficially.

Sewage and Malevolence

THE work of writers, artists, musicians, and sculptors is

& WHERE

IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Special Press*

AN EARLY MEET

Mrs. J. C. Gould at a cubbing meet of the Whaddon Chase at Oving

Photograph *Sport and General*

A BRIDGE OF SIZE

Deer-stalkers at Invergarry. Colonel Orme Clarke's gillie, John Watson, leading Mr. Humphrey Clarke and Mrs. Orme Clarke, on Ben Tee, Inverness-shire

Photograph *Sport and General*

WITH THE OLD BERKELEY

Captain Brown (Conservative agent for Mid-Bucks) and Miss Hilda Dumville-Smythe at a cubbing meet of the Old Berkeley, at Little Hampden

protected for twenty-five years after their death by the law of copyright. But they and other folks have no copyright in their own reputations. Once you are dead, if you have been sufficiently distinguished, anybody who chooses can make a fortune out of blackening your character. Whilst you are living they have to be careful because of the libel laws.

If we are to have more books such as a recent collection of gossip by an anonymous author, everybody will be agitating for some legal limit as to what may be written about the dead. It is a ghoulish business, this, casting mud on those who cannot defend themselves. The writer of this book is entirely indifferent as to dates and known facts, even as to names, in telling his scabrous stories. Any name, provided it was borne by a well-known person and its owner is dead, serves him as a peg on which to hang a scandal, although the unfortunate dead person may have had nothing, even remotely, to do with it.

If you go in for this kind of memoir-writing you have a clear field. You can tell the most thumping lies about people, drag any scandal you please from vanished servants' halls and disreputable public-houses patronised by questionable men-servants, and you are quite immune from any punishment, since the dead have no rights. But it is dabbling in sewage, and, unfortunately, such books sell by thousands and thus perpetuate evil stories which quite naturally are believed by readers who had no acquaintance with the people vilified. It's not a pretty way of making money.

Of course, personal spite plays a big part in books of this kind. The authors are generally *déclassé*, and malevolent folk of that type, whether male or female, seem to find a particular comfort in shovelling mud over the memories of those against whom they consider they had a grievance.

Lady Cardigan set this fashion of reprisals on the dead. As Miss de Horsey she lived openly with the Earl of Cardigan, the Crimean hero, in the lifetime of his first wife. This was one of the big scandals of the 1850's. Lady Cardigan, however, did not mention this interlude in her memoirs. Queen Victoria and the Ailesbury family never forgot it, and this explains the venom which Lady Cardigan poured on the Queen and on Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, the famous "Lady A."

If the anonymous author of these scurrilous memoirs dared to make his

Photograph *Central News*

AT MUSSELBURGH RACES

Captain and Lady Rachel Stuart with a brochure of prime importance

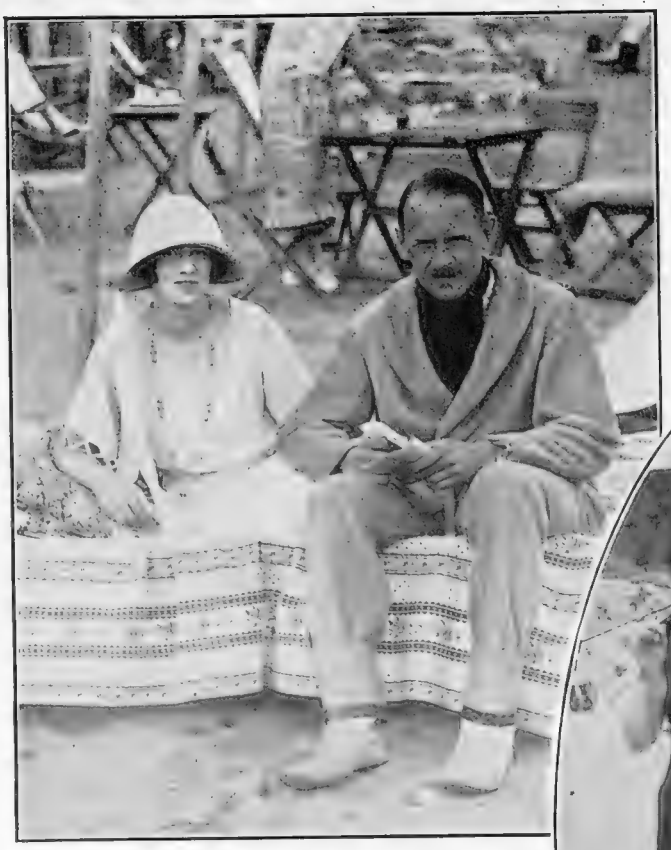
identity known, I think you would find he is a *déclassé* trying "to get a bit of his own back" on dead people who, living, found it necessary to drop his acquaintance.

A New Use for Heirs

THERE is a Latin classic which is *not* included in the list of text-books used in our schools and colleges. It is read only by those of mature age—who can remember their Latin. In that classic there is a story of a man who made a profitable livelihood by searching for an heir. He travelled from city to city in Southern Italy and Magna Graecia in the time of Nero, proclaiming the object of his search in every place. The result was that wherever he went his door was beset by would-be heirs and heiresses. The relations of these aspirants gladly met any temporary financial embarrassment from which the searcher for an heir might be suffering. As he was a penniless adventurer we have here one of the earliest recorded instances of the confidence trick. His end was unpleasant. In one city his trick was discovered and he was hurled from a particularly high rock into the sea.

I doubt whether a wealthy woman, a widow and childless, with many friends amongst the *haute volée* in England and on the Continent, has ever read this Latin classic, but she has lighted on the same plan as that followed by the Neronian gentleman, only with a different application. She does not search for heirs. She appoints them.

It is an unusual proceeding. She tells the fortunate man—her heirs are always men—whom she has selected, of the good fortune in store for him. He is bidden frequently to stay, made much of—*dorloté*, as the French have it—and naturally in return pays a hundred little attentions to the lady, such as taking her to the play, meeting her when she returns from journeys, in short, surrounding her with all sorts of *prévenances* that would never occur to him to show an elderly lady unless she had dangled the Golden Eggs of the future.



HOURS OF EASE

Captain H. V. C. Turner, the Notts county cricketer, and his wife. Captain Turner's beach suit—a useful mode from Bulgaria, is *de rigueur* on the Lido beach if not at Lord's

THE AUTUMN SPORTING SPIRIT IN THE VENICE-LIDO SEASON

Lest those who have been disporting themselves so gaily on the Lido should think themselves forgotten in our Autumn Sports Number, we present some pleasant pictures (which are exclusive to THE BYSTANDER) of a more summery island than this tight little one of ours

SOME DO

Major H. W. Lyons, the well-known polo player, and his wife ready for the morning bathe

Photographs *Photopress*

GAME ALL

A Mah-Jongg party in an unconventional setting. Lady Ponsonby, her daughter Miss Loelia Ponsonby (in a simple beach dress), Mr. Ivor Back, the well-known surgeon (in an even simpler dress), and M. de Beistegur

"But When a Pique Began"

THEN something invariably happens, a coldness, a misunderstanding, a quarrel, and hey, presto! the "heir" is thrust from his promised inheritance and another "heir" is appointed in his place. There have been three "heirs" in the last four years. How many before that the lady's worst enemy cannot recollect.

She makes no secret of the dethronement of old "heirs" and the appointment of new ones. Their appearance and disappearance has become a joke amongst her friends. "Who is her heir now?" you hear people ask when her name is mentioned. There are those, however, who declare that this "heir" business is a clever plan on the part of the old lady "to be made a fuss of," and that the heirship can never be more than titular, because the dame has sunk all she possesses in an annuity! However that may be, if she wants a prodigious

"DOLCE FAR NIENTE"
Miss Una Cameron (left), Mrs. Ralph Peto, Miss Rosemary Peto, Lady Marian Cameron and Lady Wimborne, caught in an idle moment

amount of attention she certainly gets it from her successive heirs, who pass through her house with almost the same rapidity as cooks through a modern kitchen.

Romance's Crown

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF is always supposed to be the richest man in Europe, and one of those mysterious, all-powerful influences in international affairs, so beloved of novelists. Be this as it may, Sir Basil is certainly one of the most arresting personalities in the world of high politics and high finance, and now his marriage to the Duchess de Marchena makes a romantic apotheosis to a romantic career.

The Duchess de Marchena—born Maria del Pilar de Muguiro of the Counts Muguiro, an ancient Spanish family—was married when a girl of seventeen to Francisco de Bourbon, Duke of Marchena, the head of one of the branches of the Spanish Bourbon family, and, through his mother, the Infanta Cristina, a near relation of the King of Spain. The Duke, who was a hopeless invalid for many years, died last year.

The story goes that Sir Basil and the Duchess de Marchena met at a ball in Madrid, and fell in love with one another at first sight. The Duchess was worse than widowed. Her husband's health—the trouble, I believe, was mental—made it necessary for him to live alone and under the strictest care. But although the doctors pronounced his malady incurable, the Spanish Court would not consent to an annulment of the marriage, a consent which was necessary owing to the Duke's relationship to the Spanish Royal Family. So, there was nothing for the handsome, rich Basil Zaharoff (as he then was) and the brilliant and charming Duchess de Marchena to do but to wait until death should set the Duchess free. They have waited many years, until the Duchess is fifty-five and Sir Basil over seventy. A romantic story in real life of two faithful lovers.

The Duke and Duchess of Marchena had three daughters, one of whom married Mr. Leopold Walford, a member of the big shipping firm. You will remember a sensational robbery at Wimbledon some years ago when jewels to the value of many thousands of pounds were stolen from a big house whilst the family was at dinner. Those jewels belonged to Mrs. Walford.

Heir to Two Peerages

BARONESS BEAUMONT'S eldest son, the Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard, has become heir to two baronies by the death of his grandfather, Lord Howard of Glossop, a position of rare occurrence in the peerage. Lady Beaumont is a peeress in her own right, having succeeded her father, the tenth Baron Beaumont, when she was two years old. She married Lord Howard of Glossop's elder son, the Hon. Bernard Fitzalan Howard, ten years ago.

The situation is unusual, both husband and wife

Photographs *Photopress*

AUTUMN FASHIONS

But not in these—er—conditions here in England now! Lady Marian Cameron and Lady Wimborne in a cute pyjama act

holding a peerage. It will be interesting to see whether they will be styled by their separate peerage-titles or whether Lady Beaumont will become Lady Howard of Glossop. This would seem hardly likely, however, seeing that the Beaumont peerage dates back to early in the fourteenth century, whilst the Howard of Glossop peerage was created in 1869.

The Beaumonts were the first family in England to bear the title of Viscount. They only held it for two lives, from 1440 to 1507. Then the viscounty became extinct and the barony lay in abeyance for nearly three and a half centuries, the abeyance lasting until 1840, when it was terminated in favour of Lady Beaumont's grandfather.

The Howard of Glossop peerage was conferred upon the second son of the thirteenth Duke of Norfolk, Lord Edward Fitzalan Howard. During the minority of his nephew, the late Duke of Norfolk, he was Deputy Earl Marshal of England. And here there has been a curious repetition of history in the Norfolk family. Viscount Fitzalan, better known as Lord Edmund Howard, acts as Deputy Earl Marshal for his nephew, the present youthful Duke of Norfolk.

Photograph *Central News*

SUNNY HOURS

The Earl of Galloway and his fiancée, Miss Phillipa Wendall, photographed at the house of his bride-to-be at St. Albans. They are to be married on October 14

Her Second Best

She was a dear old lady who had lived in the village all her life. She was an institution to which the great dame of the neighbourhood always paid a visit directly "the family" arrived at the "big house" after the London season.

This year the visit was paid early in the morning. The dear old lady was in her cottage garden, busy with a hoe. The great lady's visit, obviously, was not welcome, for the dear old lady was flustered and rather pink, and in place of her usual amusing chatter there were only monosyllables and odd mumblings. Perplexed and rather hurt the great lady departed.

Later in the day the dear old lady confided to a neighbour, "You could have knocked me down with a hairpin when I saw her ladyship come into the garden. I never expected her at that time o'day. I always wear me second best set of teeth in the morning, an' I didn't dare open me lips for fear of what her ladyship would think. The dratted things don't fit, but they save me best ones when I'm by meself."

Photograph *Central News*

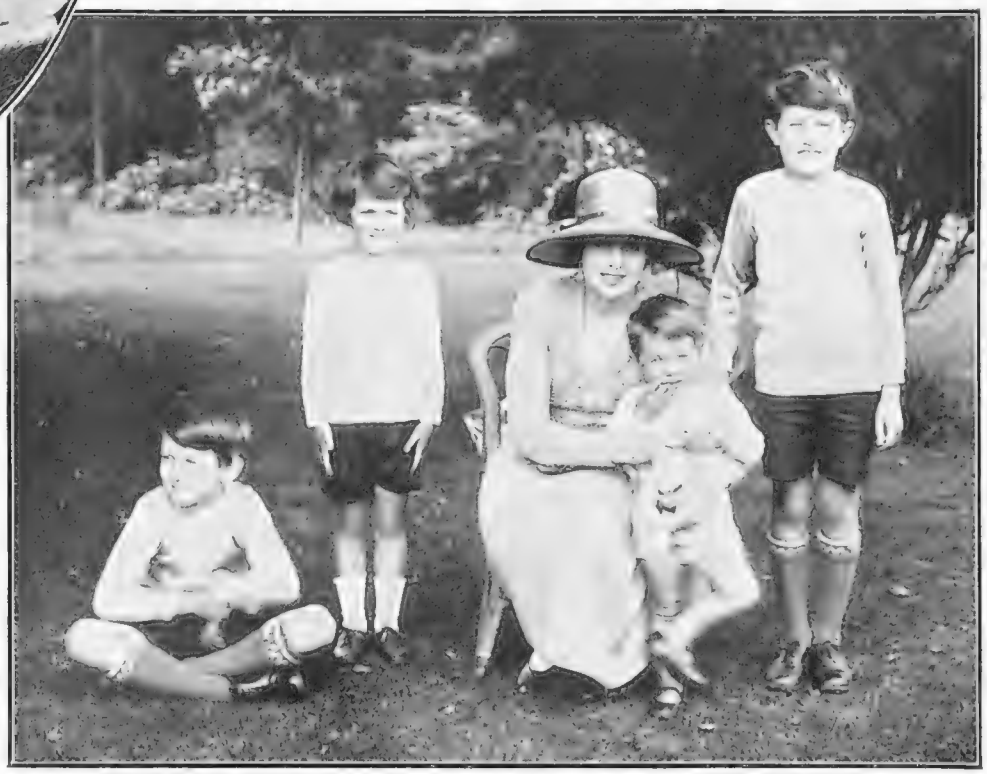
AN INTERESTING WEDDING

Sir Basil Zaharoff, the Greek financier of international fame, and his Spanish bride, the Duquesa de Villafranca de los Caballeros (formerly the Duquesa de Marchena), who were married last week in France

A New Jack o' Lantern

A man was dining with a friend in the country. He had some way to walk, and as there was no moon he took a lantern for his homeward journey. He dined so well that the road and hedges had an odd revolving movement. In spite of carefully holding up his lantern he fell into ditches, ran into trees—in short, had all the experiences that are possible in a country road, to one who has looked upon the wine when it was red. Each time he fell or stumbled he cursed the ineffectiveness of his lantern, which gave no light at all.

The next morning he received a note from his host asking him to return the parrot in its cage!

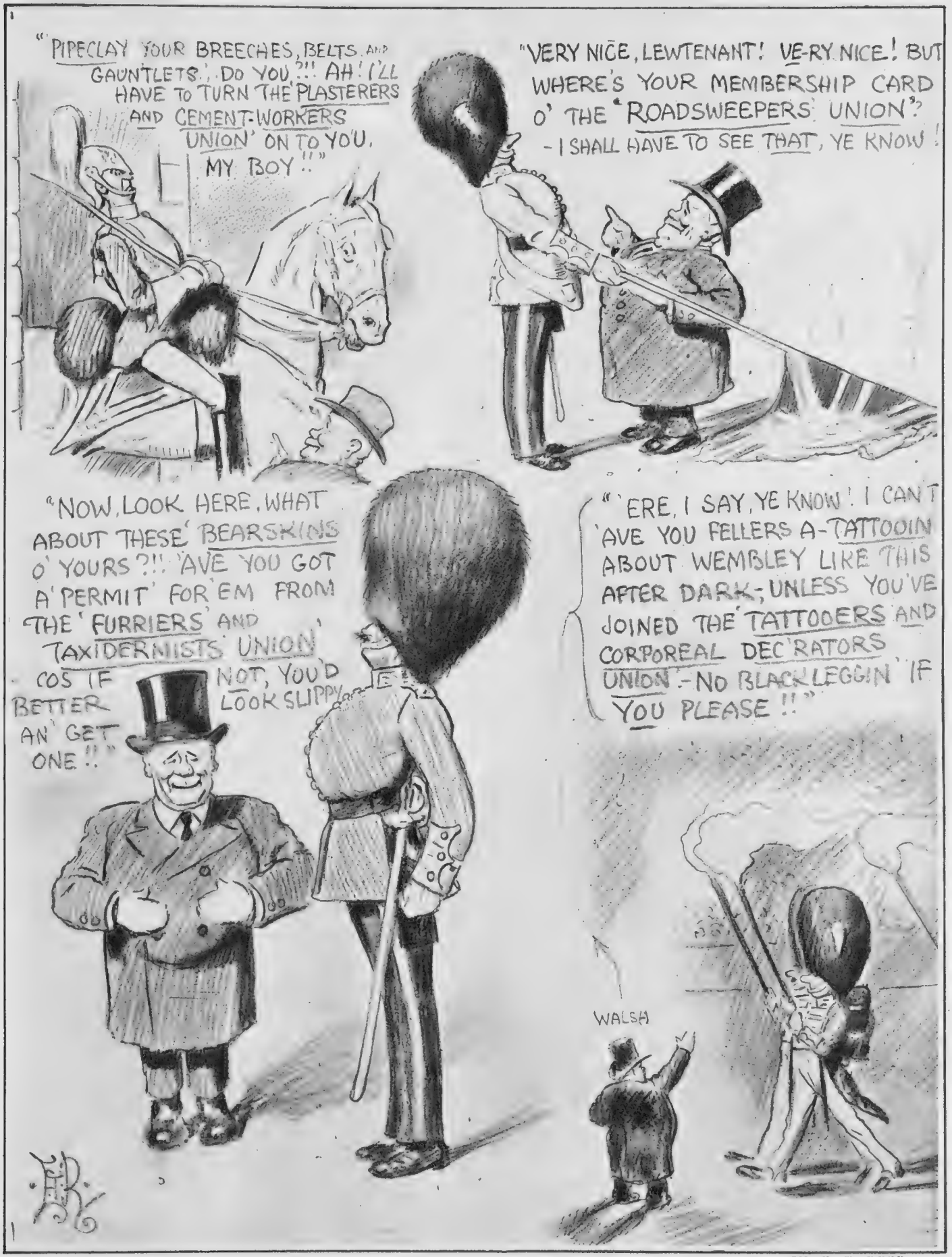


Photograph *Compton Collier*

BARONESS BEAUMONT AND HER CHILDREN

Baroness Beaumont, whose husband, Major the Hon. Bernard Fitzalan-Howard, succeeded to the barony of Howard of Glossop on the death of his father last week. Her eldest son, Miles (standing on his mother's left), is now heir to two baronies, his father's and his mother's

Our Trades "Union Jack"



BY E. T. REED

Mr. Walsh, Secretary of State for War, has ordered the Guards (and probably other Regimental) bands not to accept engagements without first referring the terms of such engagements to the *Musicians' Union!* We show a few further vagaries that will doubtless follow in due course

Motley Musings

HUNTING NOTES

"YOICKS!" is now an established success.

. . . . . .

THE old game of "Belvoir" is still going strong

. . . . . .

WHERE wire is, 'ware wire!

. . . . . .

"HELL knows no fury like a woman's Quorn!"

. . . . . .

A BRUSH with the enemy is reported from the Pytchley.

. . . . . .

THEY were a sad and a Surrey lot last week.

. . . . . .

HOUSE-HUNTING is in full swing.

. . . . . .

"THE LITTLE RED ROGUE" is having a good run in the provinces.

. . . . . .

Though the rain comes down again hard,
If it MUST *rain, let it, Reynard!*

. . . . . .

"THE Russian loan will be a blessing," says Mr. Wheatley. M'm, one of those blessings in disguise, we suppose.

. . . . . .

WE read that the blonde type is gradually becoming extinct. Due, of course, to the decay of the British dye industry.

. . . . . .

THE All-Blacks have an inspiring war-cry. Couldn't the English XV acquire one? Perhaps Stevenson's "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest" might serve.

A NEW TEST

"Golf is a good test of what sort of a politician a man would make."—MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

'Tis on the links that one can see
A politician's chance of fame,
By noticing the way that he
Shapes at the royal, ancient game;
Tell if he'll sit in Fortune's lap,
Or suffer from some handicap!

If he can boast a swell "address,"
And has his ball discreetly tee'd;
If he disdains that shocking "press,"
He's on the "fairway" to succeed;
But should he try some rotten tricks,
Though in plus fours, he's minus nix!

He must beware that topping smack
That lands his pilule in the heather;
He also should acquire the knack
Of putting two and two together!
Else he will feel (how vain the toil!)
The iron entering the soil!

A "slice" of luck may fill brim full
His cup of happiness; and yet
If at the last he's got some "pull,"
He need not greatly feel upset:
Most politicians, if they try,
Can wriggle out of any "lie"!

GONE AWAY! By LESLIE P. MARCHANT

HUNTSMAN (*coming to, after a bad spill*): "That's funny! I could have sworn these were hounds when I took them out this mornin'!!"

A PHYSICIAN states that motorists rarely suffer from nerves. It is the pedestrian, of course, who is so frequently run down.

. . . . . .

A DISTRESSING sight was witnessed yesterday in Regent Street. A lady unfortunately tripped over her waist.

. . . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT objects to the dramatic films now being shown because they are so untrue to life. But we have long been warned that every picture tells a story.

. . . . . .

A SWEEP went into a shop and ordered a shirt. "White or flesh-coloured, sir?" enquired the polite salesman.

. . . . . .

"ASTON VILLA GET THEIR OWN BACK" was a recent headline in a contemporary. Couldn't they have afforded one before?

. . . . . .

A BRIDGE contributor writes to say that his partner recently dealt him thirteen clubs. That's giving the glad hand with a vengeance.

. . . . . .

"WHAT'S a collaborator, daddy?"

"A collaborator, my boy," sighed the harassed musical-comedy librettist, "is a pen and incubus!"

. . . . . .

A CERTAIN curiosity is being displayed about the glass curtain at "The Vaudeville." We hope it won't cast any reflection on the performers.

. . . . . .

ANOTHER classical discovery is announced. Professor Oozleberry, the famous tautologist, has unearthed in an ancient bed-sitting-room at Peebles the following elegiac couplet:

Pepsodent eucryl meltis; zox
reudel rameses, tatcho;
Vim cuticura virol. Sanitas! O cedar mop!

On the face of it, it appears quite as genuine as the "Livy" discovery.

. . . . . .

A THEATRICAL magnate has just christened his new yacht *The Cabaret*. We trust he won't be hit by the boom.

. . . . . .

"GOLDEN stockings are to be the fashion this season," states a ladies' journal. More worshipping of the Golden Calf!

HARTLEY CARRICK

No Parcel Post

BY STAN TERRY

VISITOR: "So they've just made your husband a Minister without Portfolio?"
WIFE: "Yes, and I'm so glad for his sake, dear, because he *does* so hate carrying parcels!"

PEOPLE AT PLAY

THE LINKS HOG. By "PENDARVES"

A most prolific breed of animal. Seen on the South and East Coasts of England in great numbers between July and October. Does not thrive much in Scotland. In recent years has migrated in considerable quantities to golf courses round London. Plumage, very large plus fours, larger quantity of clubs, Sea Island jumper, long gold cigarette-case. Motto, *Sum quod sum.*

But seriously, something should be done about the Links Hog. Unfortunately as a community we golfers are not organised. We breathe fire and slaughter when we are the victims of a hog depredation; and we always think of the devastating remark to make long after the insult or annoyance has been perpetrated. Meanwhile we are dumb with anger.

This is not so in America, however. The Americans take their golf more seriously than we do, and they have a summary way of dealing with bad manners on their golf courses—as witness the following. A portly gentleman on the Lincoln Park Golf Course, one of Chicago's municipal enterprises, took up his stance one day on the first tee, made an almighty swing at the ball, missed it altogether, and losing his balance rolled over on his back. A pedigree hog, sitting on an adjacent seat, burst into a loud guffaw of laughter. This outburst of hilarity so incensed sympathetic players standing about that they gave the hog into custody. The police took him to the "station," he was locked up, and in the fullness of time appeared before the magistrate. This dignitary, himself a very long handicap man, took a serious view of the case, and barred the offender for all time from using the municipal courses; and, furthermore, the police were instructed to arrest him at once if he ever dared to put in an appearance there. That is the material to present to them. . . . And this is true.

With us he is an animal of parts. He has many traits to his character, and there are many breeds of him. There is the species who drives on to the people in front, although often enough the driven-into martyrs are themselves being held up by others ahead of them. He has a stock phrase when he catches you up on the next tee. He says, breezily, "Awfully sorry, sir, I never thought I could get so far," knowing full well that he is a long-hitter and usually does. There is the cove who tries over his shot a time or two before and after making it, while you, pressed by others behind, fume and rage at him. There is the pestilence who always picks his missed putt back with the socket of his putter, and tries it all over again with meticulous care. There is the well-meaning blackguard who says, "Give you that, ol' man," just as you are concentrating on *your* short putt, and with this knowledge in mind, you putt carelessly and lose the hole and ruin your card. The champion hog is, of course, he (they usually hunt in couples) who refuses absolutely to allow anyone behind to come through, no matter what the existing conditions may be. On some courses in America there are traffic regulators, who are there for the purpose of speeding up the play (the "hustle," in fact), and they compel the slow player, under the laws of the club, to give way to those who are keeping their places. Thank heaven I don't play much in America!

There is another species of hog, a subtle one, who when "up against it," sets about winning by a process of intimidation. It is almost inconceivable that such men can exist. But they do. He has several methods of setting about you. One is, when you are on the tee, and a bunker has to be carried, to say confidently, "That's a good carry; with one of your good ones you'll do it all right." This makes you press—and you don't. Another successful trick is to remark "Gad! you're playing like a book to-day; surely you have altered your grip, haven't you?" You assure him you have not; follows a long argument on the best grip; you unconsciously alter the fingers of your right hand, top your next drive, and your game goes to pieces. Another—they are very versatile—is to suggest that surely you are not driving as far as you usually do? In five cases out of six, your dignity being tweaked, you will begin to press—with the usual result.

For wholesale hogdom of another kind commend me to the golf club whose men's quarters adjoined the women's, with a long verandah common to both. The men's committee, apparently irked by the presence of the ladies, (and is not *that* extraordinary?) actually had a broad white line painted across the verandah. As though to say, "This far and no farther, you women." Beyond it no poor woman dared to tread—although some of the lady members could have given the men strokes off the back tees and beaten them every time.

A man I know, suffering greatly from the hog, went a tour of certain golf clubs this summer with the express purpose of hunting the animal even to the detriment of his own game, and bringing him before the committees. He returned vanquished and disconsolate. He said it was hopeless: to use his own words, "Like trying to clean out the Augean Stables with a penny squirt."

IN FULL CRY By Illingworth

Our Selections from the Course at Lingfield

THE MISSES SPENCER AND MISS LEWARNE

MRS. LEVESON-GOWER, MAJOR LARNACK-NEVILL AND MAJOR LEVESON-GOWER

(Inset) LADY TORRINGTON

Photographs

THE HON. THOMAS EGERTON AND THE EARL OF SEFTON

J. Wilson Parker and Aifieri

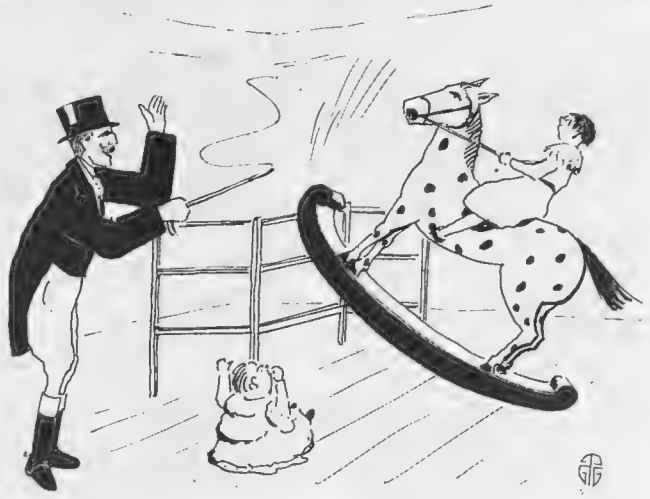
MISS MARGERY COVELL AND MISS BARBARA COVELL

Some of those who went to Lingfield and (we hope) suitably supported Tom Pinch in the Autumn Handicap

The Fairbanks Film at Drury Lane

Scenes from "The Thief of Bagdad," the new Griffith film which was released at Drury Lane last Wednesday. It was first shown in this country at a private entertainment in Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten's house, to an audience of very distinguished "fans." The top picture shows Miss Anna Wong as the Mongol Slave and Miss Julanne Johnston as the Princess. In the bottom picture, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks as Ahmed is gloating over a stolen vanity bag—or the Bag-dad (sorry!) equivalent. The inset shows Mr. Fairbanks demonstrating the movie truism that "another little climbing stunt wouldn't do the film trade any harm"

YOGO HAMA GOES HUNTING



"Learn from their youngest years to hunt"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

HIP, hip, banzai! Tally hooray ho! Yoricks! Vive la sport! Attaboy!

"Excuse me to say, Mr. Y. Hama, you have been looking on the whisky soda when he is red, or other alcoholic symptoms, otherwisely you should not use these non-polite disturbances. Kindly to impose your head in water or other non-stimulating bucket of fluid, if you do not wish to find yourself mulct 10s. and a caution," you declam snishishly?

Ha, ha, this shows you to have put your best foot in the trap which I have so skillishly ensnared for you, Hon. Sir.

"Clad myself in exquisite garments"
(*The Horse is marked with a* X—ED.)

You accuse me to be very binge and alcoholic, which only makes to depict you to be a stupendously ignoramus person and not an upper 10, else you should recognise above ejacules as good hunting noises which persons issue when horsebacking to hunt the fox in his native wilds and other lairs. Permit, therefore, I should inform you and other non-sophisticates and lower 10's, if any, that the fox have now become ripe for shooting (Oct. 1th) and may be legitimately chaste with weapons and other sporting emblems in the shires and jungles which he seeks to inhabit. Permit I should further increase your knowledges by informing that fox-hunts are very typical and exclusive Anglo sporting and indigenous to the soil, which we do not find in countries as China, Asia (major and minor), Bucharest, Kamchatka and so forths. On the opposite hands and very to the contrary, Anglo infantines of high breeding families, learn from their youngest years to hunt, which enables them to grow into M.F.H.'s and be very revenerated in their declining ages.

"Deign to kindly inform, if not impolite, Mr. Y. Hama, why they should make to so eagerishly pursue this 4-footed quadrapetal on or about from Oct. 1rd, in case this should reach the eye of foreign, provincial or other non-sophisticate persons seeking to acquire authentic understandings," you impray?

The fox, Hon. Sir, are very peculiar fur-embossed fauna which grows a brush to his tail and the only 1 of his kind that can do it. Saidly tail-brush are greatly esteemed perk by hunting persons and very coveted by the best families. When the culinary parts of the fox have been adequately prepared (fox-pie are considered a very luscious *entrée* by educated tastes), the brush may be used to achieve innumerous domestic tasks more better than the industrial brushes which shops purvey at per 6½ or 1*s*. 6*d*. Also, like the Ambergris and other perfumed quadrapeds, the fox makes to produce when hunted a very delicious scent which all the hunters are envious to secure because of its high worth. His skin, when defunct, becomes musquash or electric coney for warming our femns during the icy blasts. He are also used in poetries which do not call him a fox, but "reynard" which makes to sound very symphonic to the ear, so that he are a very econimical animal with numerous lucrative by-products.

I have alreadily received Hon. invitation to partake in a fox-hunt and shall clad myself in exquisite garments with weapons to match. Also I have made to assiduously practice slashes with my whip to produce cracks and other hunting explosions, likewisely to perform jingles on my spurs. I now seek to rent for hire a suitably prepared equine gee at 2*s*. or 2*s*. 6*d*. an hour with the requisite fittings and tackles. O how thrillish and embracing it shall be, I declam, to sit in my charger (hunting equine) and be propelled through the country and other rural airs at very considerable *m.p.h's*, ejaculing "Yoricks!" or "Tally ho!" and other savage cries to intimidate the cunning but infuriate prey who seeks all he may devour.

"Shoot the prey with projectiles"

"Are this not a very endangerous sporting, Mr. Y. Hama? What if to suppose aforesaidly quadraped should turn to rend your limbs from limb or other non-sporting tactics, would this not suffice to be a considerably non-pleasant predicament?" you seek to inquire.

O yes, this are indeedly so, Hon. Sir, and necessitates to carry 1's lives in 1's hands, also to secure a lucrative insurance or suchly prudential policy which shall remit 1 or 2,000£ for compensations to enjoy if overcome by a fatality. I confess you I have studiously made to prepare my strategics, should I suffer an attack or other bruteish battery from a fox who hungers to devour me neck and crop. If thusly imperilled, I shall produce my weapon from his sheath and shoot the prey with projectiles which, if non-sufficient, I shall then continue to execute with my hunting dagger or harpoon.

"You must be a very brave and non-domitable person, Mr. Y. Hama, to so coolishly contemplate these fearful contingents and other hair-removing perils of the wild?" you deplore. "But do you not achieve other rewardings?"

"I shall assemble to the Hunt Ball"

for your heroical poweress, exceptly scents and brooms?"

Indeedly yes, I response, for if I should succeed to survive these so narrowish squeeks and assaults, I shall assemble to the Hunt Ball for gay enjoyments. There I shall perform fox-trots, contangoes and other good hunting trips with very luscious fairs who will dote for me because of my so handsome appearances which makes their hearts to pant. Perhapsly if a very hyper-lovely fair should seek to encuddle me and perform the 1 or 2 steps, I shall make to gift her with the so rareish and coveted scent which I have captured from the savage quadruped in a tasteish bottle for good keeping-sake, so she will die of love with me. Then we shall inveigle ourselves to an alcove or other secret abode, in order to exchange a bandy of succulent kisses and other sweetish noodles with feverish passion, and suchly numerous non-theological pleasures which are very carnal but fruity perks.

At lastly, when we have danced to our utmost fatigues so that not anybody can sustain his pins, hunting menials

"Hunting menials wind their horns"

will enter to wind their horns by blowing suitable and specially prepared tunes out of them. Kindly to permit I should discharge an afflatus very suitable for winding on horns as follows vizly:

Tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, ho, ho!
We leap to our chargers and away we go,
To hunt the fox for his brush and scent,
And any other good hunting ingredient.

These are very authentic informations from goodish sources, so I shall hope you make to surrender me an apologetic for alleging me in cups greatly to my defamations of character.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, notwithstandingly, that your good healths shall continue to maintain, I remain

Yogo Hama

A WINNING TEAM OF MARKSMEN FROM INDIA

A team from the Nilgiri Malabar Battalion A.F.I. (of which regiment Lord Goschen is Hon. Colonel), winners of the competition for the Madras Guards Diamond Jubilee Shield. Names—Back: Cpl. A. H. Say, Pte. A. H. Chaplin, Pte. J. A. Everett, S.S.I. Shepherd, Cpl. Fraser, Pte. Rodricks, C.Q.M.S. Rittman. Second row: Sgt. H. A. Chaplin, Mr. H. E. Page, Capt. A. C. S. Palin, Lieut.-Col. L. L. Porter, Capt. W. E. Winter, R.S.M. Bowser, Cpl. Norris. Seated in front: Pte. S. Coulby, Pte. E. W. Bardell

LORD LONSDALE

An impression, by "Matt," of the popular sporting peer

OUR TRUE SPO

The Automobilious Dream of a prominent Master of Hou

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

RTING "SPIRIT"?

nds, on learning that the price of petrol had dropped again

BY HYNES

NOT SO BLACK AS HE'S PAINTED

Some impressions of Frank Tinney, the famous American "black-faced" comedian at the Empire, once more a prime favourite with old friends, the London audiences

PARISIANA By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

AMONG the people I should like to meet is the gentleman who recently set a most tantalising problem for playgoers in Paris. This must have been the most remunerative problem which has been invented in the capital for many seasons. Not only did it set you wondering, when you read it in the form of an advertisement, but among the majority of folk it created an irresistible desire to go and

"225 femmes et 145 costumes"

see for themselves how the problem was solved. The creation of that desire must have increased the box-office returns to a very handsome extent. There is a bright future for this young man if he can develop his ingenuities.

IN the midst of a large-type display of the attractions of the revue with which he is associated, he announced quietly, in the smallest letters, that the entertainment comprised "225 femmes et 145 costumes." *Eh bien,* most people are rather weak at mental arithmetic, but the quondam dormant minds showed a nimbleness equal to that of the best mathematicians over the calculations thus offered. Not a single mistake was made in this subtraction sum. And the number of arithmeticians was not restricted, for everybody had seen the announcement—which proves, *d'ailleurs,* that it is not always the biggest type that captures the public's prowling eye.

WELL, having become thoroughly acquainted with the number first thought of, the hundreds of intensely interested ones naturally wanted to know how this new system worked out. They were familiar with productions in which there were about twenty costumes for every performer, but an arrangement that left eighty of them out in the cold and unprovided for was a *nouveauté piquante.*

THERE could be no trick of doubling the number first thought of, for every tourist knows there is not enough substance in a Paris revue costume to serve such a double purpose. The quality of its mercy cannot be twice strained. What, then, could be the secret? There could be only one way of adequately ascertaining what lay behind the mystery of the announcement. That was to go to the theatre and make a personal investigation. Most people did. But, lest I should be expected to reveal the secret, I hasten to add that I have resisted the temptation—so far.

WE have been threatened with an acute quarrel at the Comédie-Française over the "distribution" for the revival of *Les Corbeaux* of Henry Becque, a quarrel which once more raises the old question whether it is possible for an actor or actress to do justice to a part for which he or she is glaringly unsuitable physically, either on account of age or build. The most familiar example is to be found in the number of tottering Romeos and frayed Juliets. One of the principal characters of *Les Corbeaux* is the *jeune fille séduite,* which should obviously be presented by an *ingénue parfaite* in order to furnish the right note of pathos. As it happens there is such an *ingénue* at the Théâtre Français, but she is of the second string, or *pensionnaires,* and the rôle is claimed by one of the *sociétaires*—those who have arrived—who, under the constitution, is entitled to do so.

"Ingénue dessalée"

That would mean that, instead of the *enfant pure et innocente,* there would be an *ingénue dessalée,* who could scarcely expect any tears. She might, in fact, weep some tears of her own if she insists on playing this part, for threats are rife. *Nous allons voir.*

SOME of the theatre-managers and playwrights are rather presuming on good nature in the fare they are providing for the beginning of the season. I don't know whether they have calculated on the influence of the wet weather in August, but they certainly appear to imagine that the first people

"Preliminary manœuvres"

back in Paris are exaggeratedly sentimental. The *Guitare et le Jazz-band* supplied quite enough sentimentality for a whole season, to say nothing of appearing more suitable to a period *vingt ans avant*. Yet now two other well-known authors have come along with *Maman*, which is the sort of story that ought to be given away with a box of chocolates or other bonbons. And the Vaudeville authorities have even furnished an *interprétation de luxe*, with Mlles. Gabrielle Dorziat and Renée Devillers and MM. Taride, Joffre and Jean Sylvestre.

"Meditating by the fireside before the great sacrifice"

DELPHINE LAVERNE, a pretty widow of thirty-seven, is younger and less serious than her eighteen-year-old daughter, Denise. Maman is a *frivole, qui court les bals*. When a suitor, Hubert, comes along, Delphine believes it is for her, but on learning that the luck is with the serious Denise she generously gives her consent. Everything seems, therefore, to be settled at the end of the first act. But Hubert has an uncle, a terrible uncle, with authority and all the family funds, who has heard of Hubert's over-frequent dancing with Maman, when the strategist was merely making the preliminary manœuvres, and he puts a ban on marriage with the daughter of such a *frivole*. So Maman has to undertake to obtain his approval by the power of her own charms, which she does to such effect that there is a double marriage. Well, if this does not seem to be thrillingly novel, there is satisfaction in the fact that Mlle Dorziat, in addition to acting Maman to the best of its possibilities, presents five gowns, two capes, a bathing costume and pyjamas of her own "creation," which can be unreservedly admired

THE age-old friendship of the old maid and the cat, only rivalled by that of man and the dog, and a similar source of inspiration for poets and unpleasants, is menaced from within as well as without. This is due to Mother Necessity, who imposes inventions. The remainder of the animal kingdom, at least that part of it which is available, is no longer able to satisfy woman's ever-growing craving for fur, so the furrier has experimented with unfortunate success upon the domestic cat. According to his confessions—and there is no reason to doubt them, as prices will probably be quite unaffected—he can now make the skin of Tabitha almost as flexible and wear-resisting as that of Reynard and it will take a black dye quite well.

THERE is no longer anything for the cat to grin about. If news like this is spread among the quadrupeds, it should be the turn of the long-pursued mouse to do the grinning, for his enemy will be so busy dodging the furrier that he will not have much spare time for hunting mice. As for the old maid, she will realise that, as her pet has now acquired a commercial value, she will be certain to lose it in the traps of the furrier's minions; and as she will have to wear *fourrure de chat* herself on account of the unattainable prices of other pelts, she might as well retain her old friend in her own service. What a pathetic picture—the old maid meditating by the fireside before the great sacrifice! RENÉ

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

AN APPETISER FROM "THE ODD SPOT"

Miss Elsie Percivall and chorus in "Cock-Tail Time," a cheery number from "The Odd Spot," which transferred this Monday from the Vaudeville to the Little Theatre

Winning Ways

Photograph "*Sasha*"

Mr. Tom Douglas as George (the young man who is more innocent than he looks), and Mlle. Jeanne de Casalis as Mathilde Fay, a woman, in "Fata Morgana," the new Hungarian play at the Ambassadors Theatre

"The Sport of Kings" at the Savoy

Produced September 8, 1924

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THIS play is a welcome addition to all that is making for a brighter London. It is not only extremely amusing in itself, but is also very good propaganda against the killjoys who are out to stop our fun. The first scene takes place at the "Champagne Only" bar at a popular race meeting. I presume if you went to a bar of that sort and asked for a glass of milk you would be remanded to have the state of your mind enquired into. Two young men, in the intervals of imbibing the bubbly, discuss the wide prevalence of the betting habit. One of them has just had a shocking run of bad luck, and he is therefore naturally convinced that betting is a sinful game. The other, Mr. Algernon Sprigge, has, however, a whole system of philosophy on the subject. Everything in life is, according to him, a gamble, though it is perhaps doubtful whether the man who puts his daily shilling on a horse-race is really playing a game of chance. There is a story of a gambler in the Wild West sitting at a table in a "saloon," throwing dice with a stranger for "greenbacks." On the landlord interfering on the ground that games of chance were not permitted at his establishment, the gambler pushed him aside with the retort, "This ain't no game o' chance. My friend here hasn't got any chance."

THE two young men have decided to steer for Newstead races in the hope of being able to redeem their fortunes by a lucky win. Being unable to find a hotel to their liking, they look at a newspaper, and see there an advertisement offering all the advantages of a pious home to two earnest young men, at Newstead. Mr. Sprigge is so impressed by the Pecksniffian character of the advertisement, that he is moved to wager one hundred pounds that he will have Pecksniff himself putting his bit on before a week is out. So convinced is he of the universality of the gambling spirit.

THE Pecksniff in the case is Mr. Amos Purdie, J.P., a remarkably complete representation by Mr. Holman Clark. Purdie is an elderly prig who bullies his wife and family, and is smugly satisfied that his shining halo must be obvious to everyone. His crowning grief is that, having retired from business after having made a fortune during the War, he finds himself for one week in every year facing a racecourse where disreputable people foregather to make bets. Mr. Sprigge and his friend arrive at the house in due course, and give their luggage to Bates, the Uriah Heep-like valet, to be unpacked. Mr. Purdie is presently shocked to learn from Bates that in unpacking the gentlemen's luggage, he positively found copies of well-known sporting journals, from which he infers that the gentlemen, sadly indifferent to the saintly atmosphere in which they are privileged to find themselves, propose not only to witness the racing, but even to make bets as to which horse will come in first.

MR. Purdie is very much pained to hear the dreadful news. He is for the moment greatly worried at the prospect of having to pay his super-tax, but he promises to spare a moment from his preoccupation to lecture his guests on the sin of betting. As it happens, however, he is simply thereby walking into the tempter's lair. Mr. Purdie's chief failing is his extreme parsimony, and Sprigge, aiming at the weak spot in the old man's armour, tells him that if he wants to pay his super-tax without any worry, he should put a trifle on a likely winner and hope for the best. The prospect of getting something for nothing makes its usual irresistible appeal. Purdie surreptitiously backs a rank outsider on the strength of a tip he gets from a well-known sporting paper of pinkish hue, and clears two hundred pounds on the deal.

THEN Purdie bets again and loses and loses, until he has

lost a sum of money running into four figures. Then his valet, Bates, discovers Purdie's weakness and at once flings off the mask. He bluntly informs his employer that he used to be a bookmaker's clerk, and therefore where racing is concerned he knows a good deal, and suspects quite a lot more. He cautions Purdie not to put any money on the day's races as it is a "layer's" day and not a "backer's" day. I am not very skilled in the terminology of the Turf, but I gathered from this remark that that day it would be better to be a bookmaker than a punter. That is to say, it was one of those rare occasions when it would be more blessed to receive than to give.

E. HOLMAN CLARK ROBIN IRVINE ENA GROSSMITH

BASIL FOSTER

ONCE more Purdie, in his anxiety to recover his losses and make a bit to the good, listens to the voice of the tempter. Bates proposes that Purdie shall adopt the disguise of a well-known bookmaker, and take up a pitch on the course outside, the cheerful anticipation being that they will come back with most of the money confided to them by the reckless optimists around them. Purdie adopts the suggestion at once, and acquires in a few moments considerable proficiency in shouting out the raucous war-cries of the fraternity. Unfortunately, it proves that the wiseacres who predicted a bookmaker's race have gone the way of all prophets and struck a snag. Purdie is unable to meet the very liquid liabilities he has incurred, and he finds himself in the undignified, not to say dangerous, position of a common welsher. Bates, who has had experiences of the kind before, is able to make a dash for home, arriving there finally with quite a fair proportion of his wardrobe still intact. But Purdie is soon caught, and is promptly flung into the pond that nature beneficently provides near race-courses apparently for this specific purpose.

ROSALINE COURTNEIDGE AS DULCIE PRIMROSE

IT then transpires that everybody in the Purdie household has had something "on" that day. Even Cook admits to having won three-and-six. Mrs. Purdie herself, a meek and timid little lady, does not bet on purpose; but by an ingenious confusion on the telephone she is made to place a very profitable bet with a turf accountant while she thinks she is only ordering the household coals. This is a small part very amusingly played, by Miss Mary Jerrold, who gets all the fun that is possible out of the average suburban lady's fear of the telephone. Mr. Hugh E. Wright, as the two-faced Bates, gives a properly energetic performance; and a jolly little flapper of the slangy type is admirably played by Miss Ena Grossmith, who seems to have quite her share of the family talent. Mr. Basil Foster as Algernon Sprigge, the dogmatic theorist on the betting question, makes the position very lucid. I think *The Sport of Kings* will enjoy a favourable run. Bet you!

ENA GROSSMITH AND FRANK VEITON

A PERSONAL NOTE.—In the issue of THE BYSTANDER of the 3rd ult., I permitted myself to criticise adversely the claims of middle-aged spinsters to be experts in Baby lore. I have now received from "One of Them" a graceful but complete exposure of my deplorable ignorance of the subject, and I accept the gentle reproof accordingly with a properly contrite heart. I will try and lead a better life for the future. JINGLE

The Intimate Note

Intimate "Danse Diner"

Intimate grip for this season's dance floor

An intimate band

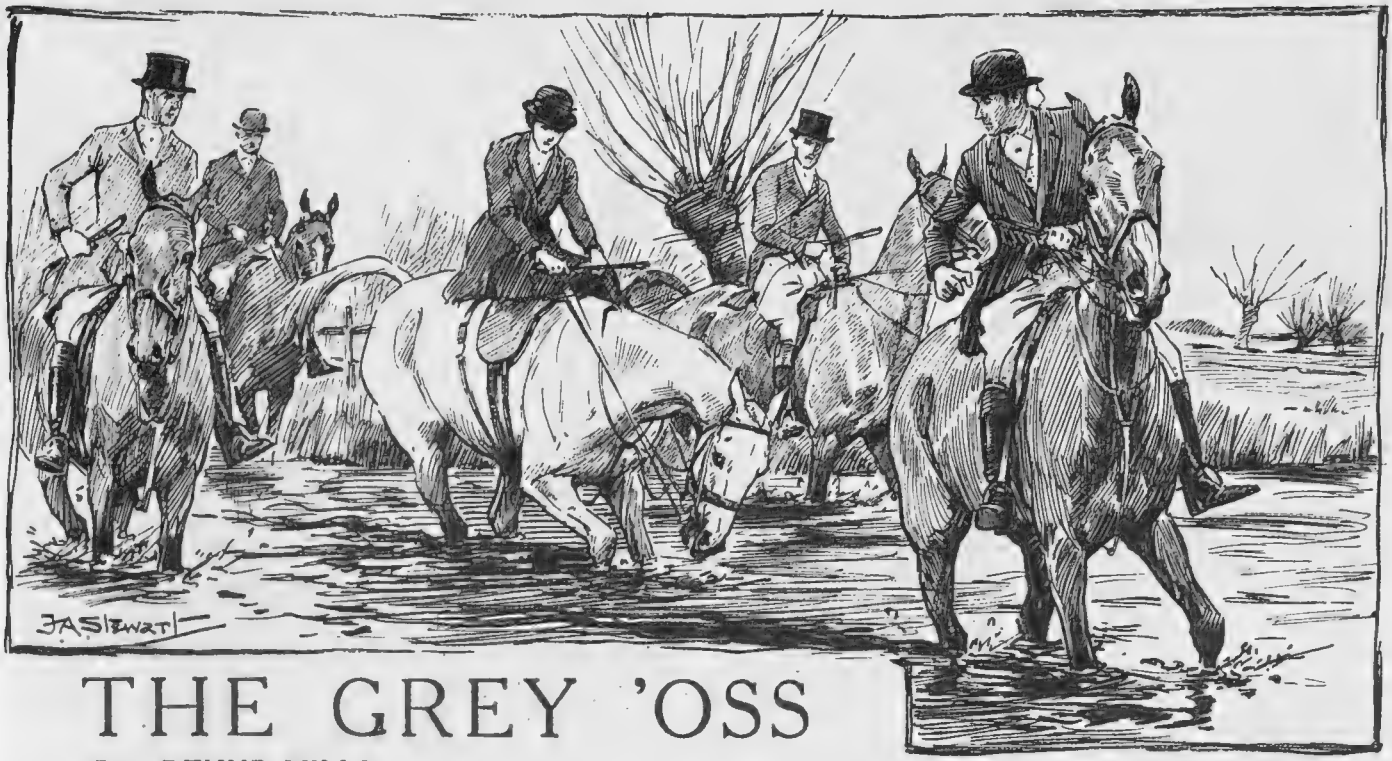
A special oval ebony intimate "danse" floor

Practice (on a tea tray)

Intimate Cabaret intimating that it is intimate

BY LAURIE TAYLER

A FORECAST OF THE COMING WINTER DANCE FASHIONS



THE GREY 'OSS

By ARTHUR MILLS. *(Author of "The Yellow Dragon")*

Heading by F. A. STEWART

"WHO shall counsel a man in the choice of a wife or an 'oss?" said the greatest sage of modern times.

Who, indeed? thought Barney, as he stood in the bow-window of the coffee-room of the "Safe Anchor" watching Cadge, the horse-dealer, riding down Little Puddlecombe High Street in the company of Mrs. MacMutton.

On the table behind him breakfast was laid, but Barney had little inclination to turn and face it. True, he knew that beneath the brightly polished pewter cover a chop nestled with a poached egg upon it, that the coffee was hot, and the rolls crisp from the bakery. But there was also upon his plate an oblong envelope, and Barney could not get to his breakfast without picking that envelope up.

He had no wish to do this. It contained his weekly bill, and his bill for the week before that, and the week before as well; in fact, a perfectly fair and accurate statement of the amount he owed for the keep of himself and his horses since the day he had arrived at Puddlecombe.

The "Safe Anchor" was dragging badly.

"Rot the fellow!" muttered Barney, regarding Mr. Cadge's approaching shape, "nasty, back-biting, bandy-legged, little blanket-snatcher."

The last objection to the horse-dealer's personality having arisen from the fact that on the day previous Cadge had entered the stables of the "Safe Anchor" and forcibly removed from the back of one of Barney's horses some clothing which he said Barney's groom had wrongfully acquired.

"They don't need no clothing," Cadge had said, when Barney, having admitted that the blankets did lawfully belong to Cadge, protested on the ground of common humanity against their summary removal, "they don't need no clothing," he repeated, eyeing a great raw-boned grey; "they've got enough 'air on their 'eels to keep their 'ole bodies warm."

With which he had walked out of the yard.

"And their heels is all any quod of yours will ever see of 'em," Barney had called after him, but by that time Cadge was out of earshot.

Of course, it was natural for the two men not to like one another. There simply was not room for them both in the same hunt. If one can imagine the feelings of a musical comedy favourite, a little past her prime, who has sprained her ankle, sitting in the stalls watching a young and blooming understudy playing her part to uproarious applause one can understand and, perhaps, sympathise with the feelings with which Cadge regarded the arrival of Barnabas Fligh at Little Puddlecombe. Cadge was the lawful, recognised horse-dealer of the neighbourhood, Barney, according to his own account (which the landlord of the "Safe Anchor" was beginning to doubt), a private gentleman of independent means. However, if ever a man rode his horses with a view to selling them, Barney did. This Cadge had hitherto been able to prevent by a campaign of intensified innuendo, which in any other profession in the world except horse-dealing would have landed him in the dock.

Things, though, could not continue indefinitely on their present course, and the arrival of Mrs. MacMutton had brought matters to a head.

No one knew much about Mrs. MacMutton, but the late MacMutton was believed to be lying beneath the soil of his native pastures in the Antipodes, while his widow, bearing up as best she could, passed the winter following the fortunes of the V.P.H. (Vale of Puddlecombe Hunt). She was a comely woman of forty, who, unless wasted by disease—of which there was no hint at present—would never see 12 stone again.

Barney sighed as he watched her ample form approach down the High Street. There, but for a malignant tongue, went the future Mrs. Fligh. He would like to know—he would like to know very much indeed just what Cadge had said about him.

No one could have treated a woman more fairly than he had treated Mrs. MacMutton. She had liked the look of the grey horse, about which Cadge had been so offensive. One day out hunting at the end of a fast twenty-five minutes, during which Barney, by dint of Svengali-like mesmeric influence, had succeeded in keeping the brute well in front, she had offered to buy him. One hundred and fifty guineas she had offered for a horse that had cost Barney thirty pounds.

Though the words nearly choked in his throat, he had declined to sell; said he liked the horse too much. The truth being that Barney feared if he did let Mrs. MacMutton have the grey she might never speak to him again, when she learnt the animal's true disposition.

(Copyright 1924 by Arthur Mills)

In this Barney was taking a leaf out of Cadge's book. Cadge had wormed his way into Mrs. MacMutton's good graces by establishing a reputation for integrity over all matters pertaining to horses; he bought, sold and generally advised her in the management of her stable. The whited sepulchre! thought Barney, indignantly.

Of course, Cadge too was going for the grand slam, as alive as Barney to the advantage of having Mrs. MacMutton as his permanent partner. Cadge knew better than to try and do her down over a horse, having learnt in the course of his career the extraordinary resentfulness that can be aroused in a woman's heart if she discovers she has been cheated.

Cadge and Mrs. MacMutton were within a few yards of the "Safe Anchor" when the great idea came to Barney, and stuffing a copy of *La Vie Parisienne* in his pocket, he walked to the front door.

Mrs. MacMutton looked him over coldly as he raised his hat. He was a much better looking specimen than Cadge—a big, fine, flashy upstanding man, who looked as though he enjoyed his breakfast, but, of course after what she had heard, she could not have him in her house.

"Morning, Mr. Cadge," said Barney, "have you a minute to spare a bit later? I have got something that might interest you."

Cadge wondered what the flat-trap was this time, and allowed curiosity to get the better of discretion.

"I'll be passing along later, Mr. Fligh," he said, "if you'll be around."

Later the pair foregathered in the bar of the "Safe Anchor."

"Say when?" said Barney, lifting the water-jug.

"'Thank 'ee, I'll just take it as it is." Mr. Cadge tipped the whisky down his throat; "bit raw this morning," he said, rubbing his hands and looking enquiringly at Barney; "going to Olverton Saturday?"

Barney nodded. "Be my last hunt. I'm going up to Harboro' next week. It was about that I was going to talk to you. Those 'osses of mine 'ull be no good up there—the grey wouldn't anyway."

"No," Mr. Cadge agreed.

"He's a good 'oss for this sort of country; but he ain't got the pace for Leicestershire."

"No, he ain't," said Cadge, decisively. "Nor the lepping power."

Cadge began to wonder what it was all about. Barney quickly enlightened him.

"I'll sell him to you," he said, "for what I give for him."

Cadge suppressed a smile. Barney had probably bought the horse for fifty quid; he would say he had paid a hundred and fifty; sell for a hundred; and the horse, at the outside, was worth eighty sovereigns.

"Thirty guineas and I'll chuck you a quid back," Barney offered.

"What!" exclaimed Cadge. "What's the matter with him?"

"This," said Barney, laying his hotel-bill on the table. He then proceeded to make a clean breast of things. He must sell and clear at all costs. His credit at the "Safe Anchor" had reached its limit; that very afternoon the proprietor was going to apply for a distraint on his property.

Mr. Cadge listened; he knew that he had pretty effectively blocked Barney's horse-dealing operations. He did not know he had ruined him. His heart softened, chiefly at the prospect of the departure of Barney.

"All right," he said, "if the horse is sound, I'll give you thirty quid."

"Nice woman, Mrs. MacMutton," said Barney, blotting the cheque, and signing to the barman to refill Cadge's glass. "I knew her husband—pore fellow."

"'Ee was sheep, wasn't 'ee; made a packet, I 'eard?" enquired Cadge, thinking he might as well pump the well dry as draw a bucket.

Barney nodded: "It's no good to him now."

"No," said Cadge, sententiously, "not where 'ee is, I expect."

"He was a very good man," said Barney, severely, "it was the War did it."

"Killed, was he? Ah, well, we all 'ad to do what we could." Cadge's operations in remounts had nearly landed him in prison.

Barney shook his head. "That's what everyone thinks, and it is best they should. He's———." Barney tapped his forehead.

"Mad! But I thought he was dead!" exclaimed Cadge, to whom it was now abundantly clear why Barney had offered so little resistance to his courtship.

"No. He's shut up. Course, it's never talked about. Terrible for her; fine strong fellow; might live another twenty years; he'll never get no better."

"I'll take that grey along with me now," said Mr. Cadge, a little shakily.

"By all means," Barney agreed.

. . . .

Saturday was a nice soft hunting day, and all were in good spirits at the meet. Barney, his hotel bill paid and his flask once more filled with the "Safe Anchor's" special old cherry brandy, waited on events.

In due course he espied a grey horse coming down the road and the elated countenance of Mrs. MacMutton.

"Cadge is giving you a ride on him to-day, is he?" said Barney, running his eye over the horse in the slightly disparaging way some men will when they have just parted with an animal.

"He's mine!" said Mrs. MacMutton, triumphantly.

"Well, I hope he suits you," said Barney. The remark was made with as near a sneer as a man could without being downright offensive to a lady. "Cadge oughtn't to have sold him to you; if I had known he was going to I wouldn't ha' let him have the horse."

All of which passed like water off a duck's back, for had not Mrs. MacMutton a long while ago secretly confided her ambition to Cadge to own the grey and her failure to effect a direct purchase. At the time Cadge had declined to move in the matter. Then yesterday, to Mrs. MacMutton's delight, he had put through the deal. "No, I won't take a penny profit on it, either; take him for the hundred and fifty I gave for him; cheap, but there it is," said Cadge.

Mrs. MacMutton had put on a new habit for the occasion; her snow-white stock was extra carefully tied, and she wore in her buttonhole a bunch of Parma violets.

A ford had to be crossed to get to covert. A ford much used by cattle—a muddy, slimy, unprepossessing looking ford. Three abreast the field advanced. Barney trotted ahead just behind hounds. He dare not look round. Suddenly a voice called:

"'Ware hole!"

He looked round. The grey stood in the middle of the ford, one knee bent gracefully.

"Hold up!" yelled Mrs. MacMutton, belabouring him with her crop.

The grey sank upon the other knee.

"Hold up!" she yelled again, tugging frantically at his steel-plated jaws.

Gently and deliberately the grey lay down in the middle of the ford, and—Mrs. MacMutton having just been pulled clear in time—rolled over on his back. There he lay, rolling, kicking, and splashing till Cadge got to him.

Mrs. MacMutton was a determined lady. She insisted on remounting. "It was not the horse's fault," she said, indignantly, to Barney, who came up full of sympathy; "he put his foot in a hole."

Barney said nothing.

An hour passed, during which hounds did little. Eventually they got away, crossed the River Puddle, and made for open country. The boldest spirits charged the river (here some twelve yards wide); others turned to a bridge. In the van of the former rode

(Continued on page 50)

BUCHANAN'S

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Mrs. MacMutton. As he neared the water (maybe he smelt it), the grey gathered speed, only to stop on the edge as though four-wheeled brakes had been applied. Mrs. MacMutton kept her seat. The grey stepped delicately down the bank and into the centre of the stream.

'Hit him! He'll roll again!" yelled a voice behind, and, looking round, she saw Barney.

He did roll, even more effectively.

Barney had to take the indignant bedraggled woman home. It was plain that Cadge's chances had gone off the betting board.

"That is why I wouldn't sell him to you; it seemed unfriendly at the time; but I couldn't explain; a fellow can't run down his own horse."

"But you sold him to Mr. Cadge."

"Yes, only for thirty quid, though."

"Thirty what?" shouted Mrs. MacMutton.

"Thirty quid. He knew about the horse, you see. No good asking more."

"He *knew*," repeated Mrs. MacMutton, and her voice sounded a great way off.

"Yes"—Barney looked at the grey—"he'd seen him do it before. Rascal always does if he's got a side saddle on his back; told you he wouldn't carry a lady."

A few days later Cadge was moodily reading an account of the marriage between Barnabas Fligh and Mrs. MacMutton, widow of the wealthy Australian sheep-farmer, who, he now learnt for the first time, had died in tragic circumstances (drowned in his own sheep-dip) some ten years previously, when the postman's knock sounded.

"Registered, sir," said the postman.

Cadge irritably signed the receipt, opened the parcel, and discovered a framed drawing. The drawing was a reproduction from the celebrated *Punch* picture showing a man leaning over the wall of a lunatic asylum watching an angler who was having no luck.

"Now what's the meaning of that?" thought Cadge. Then his eyes caught the words beneath—a short simple exhortation from the lunatic to the angler, "Come inside," and he indignantly threw the picture on the floor.

ARTHUR MILLS

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

On the Heath

THIS week it will be pleasant to be at headquarters. There is a charm about the racing at Newmarket which never fails to appeal, and, thanks to the enlarged stand on the Rowley Mile Course, we can follow the sport under much more agreeable conditions than prevailed in the old days. I would remind intending visitors of the excellent service of special trains which will be run on each day of the Newmarket autumn meetings. It is not surprising that a great many people now "do" Newmarket from London daily instead of staying in the town, for the facilities are really excellent alike from Liverpool Street and King's Cross.

Jockey Club Stakes

THE big event of the week is the Jockey Club Stakes on Thursday. This remains one of the richest races of the season, and the owner of the winner will be credited with between £6,000 and £7,000. For races of this type the Manton stable usually has a formidable competitor, but this time Alec Taylor may have nothing really fit owing to the coughing epidemic. The Manton horses are rapidly getting over the trouble, but they are, naturally, backward after two or three weeks' stoppage in their work. This is particularly regrettable in the case of St. Germans, who looked, at the weights, to have a great chance of winning the Jockey Club Stakes.

Two Derby Winners

HOW delightful it will be if Papyrus and Sansovino, each a Derby winner, meet in the big race. Both will have plenty of backers, and another who has a chance is Obliterate. Sir Robert Jardine's colt has lately been picking up nice races in Scotland, and he will have a useful advantage in the weights on Thursday. He is one of those invaluable horses who appear to thrive on hard work. Polyphontes will probably be given the chance of making amends for his failure in the St. Leger, but he carries a big penalty, and in any case the distance may again be too far for him. Teresina, Chosroes, Twelve Pointer and Marvex are among other good horses in the entry. If St. Germans had been fit and well I would have gone for him unhesitatingly, but there is, necessarily, a big "if" about him, and I suggest **Obliterate** each way as the best bet in the race.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

THE NEW MASTER OF THE NORTH COTSWOLD

Mr. C. Hilton Green, who has succeeded Mr. C. B. Kidd as Master and Huntsman of the North Cotswold. Mr. Hilton Green held the same two posts with the Mendip last season

The Two-Years-Olds

THERE will be plenty of other attractions at headquarters. Some smart two-year-olds can run for the Hopeful Stakes on Wednesday, and I reckon **Margeritta** is the best of them. It is quite possible, indeed, that this is the champion young filly of the season, and her stable companion, Manna, may be the best colt, though we shall be able to speak more definitely on this point in about a month's time. The coughing trouble has thrown back some of the most promising two-year-olds. The Newmarket St. Leger on the last day of the meeting may be won by **Santorb**, and I expect **Blanc Mange** to take the Rous Memorial Stakes.

Savernake

I AM afraid the Stayers' Handicap at Gatwick last week was disappointing to those who fancied the Cesarewitch chances of Miwani, Bolet Satan and Ceylonese. They were all beaten pointless, but it was a slowly run race, and for that reason the form may not be dependable. If we take the running as it stands we cannot get away from the big chance possessed by Savernake, who failed to win only by a few inches. There is reason to believe that this gelding has already been soundly backed for the Cesarewitch by those connected with him. His public trial at Gatwick was certainly full of promise.

Bystander Treasure Hunts

THE Fox Hunting Season is now here, and THE BYSTANDER is recognising the fact by organising a series of Treasure Hunts for readers. The scheme will be run on original and amusing lines and is calculated to provide plenty of healthy excitement for those who take part in the hunts. Valuable prizes will be offered.

FULL DETAILS IN NEXT ISSUE.

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GLASGOW *LONDON*

TOPICAL TALES

THE AMELIORATOR By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

THE rope was already round his neck as I reached the tree. I was extremely annoyed, as I told him, for it stood in one of the beauty spots of the Home Counties, and I had proposed to lunch under it. There were, I pointed out, millions of other trees, at least as well suited for his purpose. I had indeed passed one, not five minutes before, with a great arm stretched across the path, which might have been made for it.

He was extremely apologetic as he explained that he had chosen that particular tree for sentimental considerations of a personal nature, and because he wished the news of his rash act to reach the first cause of it without delay. Picnickers and others visited the spot every day, as you could judge from the bits of dirty newspaper with which the ground was strewn. When I assured him that I would take steps to discover his body as soon as I had finished my lunch he at once agreed to select some other tree for his purpose, but lingered a little, fingering the rope which still encircled his neck. He was a small, sandy-haired man, and I noticed that in his natural excitement he had omitted to remove his gloves.

"You—I suppose you wouldn't care to hear my story, before—er—before—" he said, hesitatingly.

I should have much preferred to be left in peace, but after all he had met me handsomely enough, so that I muttered polite acquiescence. He untied the knot in his rope, arranged it in a neat circle, and sat upon it while I unpacked my luncheon-basket. "My name," he began, "is Ruggles, John Thomas Ruggles, and, although I say it myself, I am one of the most useful men in the country."

Again I murmured something polite. I was in the act of considering whether there was enough pork pie to offer him any

"I may say that I have, since the war, done more to prevent popular discontent, to reconcile people to their lot, then any man living. And yet in the flower of my age I have come to this." He glanced downwards at his rope with an air of gloomy pride. My mouth was full so I did not reply.

"You have no doubt frequently read in the public press reports—as it happens I have one in my pocket now." He produced a crumpled newspaper, unfolded it and pointed to a paragraph. It dealt with the elopement of the three beautiful daughters of a millionaire with three chauffeurs in their parents' employment. "I wrote that," he said proudly.

"I see. You are a reporter," I hazarded.

"Nothing of the kind. I am the Ameliorator—Public—the first, and, as I fear, the last chief of the most vital of public services."

"Then——"

"You may not be aware that there has been of late considerable discontent among chauffeurs, who consider themselves underpaid as compared with other workers. It became necessary to allay it. I was called upon to act—with what result you see. That was three weeks ago. To-day there is an absolute plethora of chauffeurs, clamouring for employment in millionaire families on almost any terms. It is the same with almost any branch of labour. I prove, by the means of interesting news-paragraphs, provided free to accredited editors on application, that, for instance, unskilled labourers are very much better paid than skilled artisans. At once the unskilled labourer becomes reconciled to his position."

"But the skilled artisan?"

"The moment he shows signs of discontent paragraphs appear—as for example, the suicide of a successful barrister on learning that he makes a smaller income than does a locomotive engineer."

"But the middle—the professional classes, the tax-payers. How do you reconcile——?"

He turned a scornful eye upon me. "We don't. Who cares whether they are discontented or not? All they have to do is to pay—and go on paying." He seemed to swell until I could have sworn some barbaric Emperor stood before me.

"I am awfully stupid," I said, dallying with the last morsel of the pie. "But I don't see how what you tell me should have brought you to—to this."

He collapsed before my eyes and great tears coursed down his quivering cheeks. "She—she is a housemaid—the most adorable of housemaids."

"I see," I agreed, lamely.

"But you don't see—you cannot see until you have heard my story. She used not to be a housemaid. She was the daughter of a decayed General and became a typist in a lawyer's office to support the family. It was there that I met and loved her." He burst into loud sobs, and it was some time before he recovered self-control. "Just about that time reports were received of a great shortage of housemaids and of dangerous revolutionary feeling among the few employed. At once I set to work. Paragraphs appeared detailing the elopements of three housemaids with eligible Marquesses, their presentations at Court with full details of their costumes. Need I go on? Yesterday when I mustered up my courage to propose, I found that my adored one had become a housemaid in a respectable family in Kensington. She received me kindly but with finality. Was I a Marquess? Alas, what could I say? She pointed out that she owed it at once to herself, to her caste, and to the future of England to marry no one but a Marquess, and so left me, to answer a bell which had been ringing incessantly during our interview. The rest you know." And he gazed sadly from the rope to the tree above him.

"But, good Lord," I said. "What are you despairing about. Why—man—with your facilities, you ought to be married by this time instead of mooning about with ropes like this!"

He gazed at me doubtfully, yet with dawning hope in his eyes. "What do you mean? I have racked my brains——"

"Why—all you have got to do is to insert paragraphs showing how three Marchionesses, formerly housemaids, have eloped from their husbands because of their brutality, poverty and general lack of respectability, with three deserving members of the Civil Service who are to be made Prime Ministers in order of seniority at the first vacancy. Three, do I say—make it a dozen, fifty, drag the whole order of the Marquisate into the mud, stamp on it. By George—if only I had your chance."

He considered for a little, hope rising always higher in his eyes. At last, "You have saved my life," he said, solemnly, extending his hand, "properly carried out—there might—there must—I have not an instant to lose." Tucking his rope carefully under his arm, he turned to go. "But first," he said, "is there nothing I can do for you—no way I can express my gratitude?"

"You might do something to ameliorate my circumstances," I suggested, not too hopefully.

"You are?"

"I am an author. I write things."

He started as though he had been stung. "An author!" he cried. "I thought you were a tramp. Poor—poor devil! I can do nothing for you!"

Shaking his head, he hurried away through the trees. O. M. H.

A Foursome of North Berwick Devotees

MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON, M.P. (left) AND MRS. GEORGE GRAHAME

LADY HAMPDEN (left), THE HON. MRS. THOMAS BRAND, AND LADY BARBARA BINGHAM

Photographs

MAJOR SIR JOHN AND LADY MILDRED FITZGERALD, THE HON. JOAN BRAND, MISS HELEN LESLIE, AND THE HON. BARBARA HARCOURT

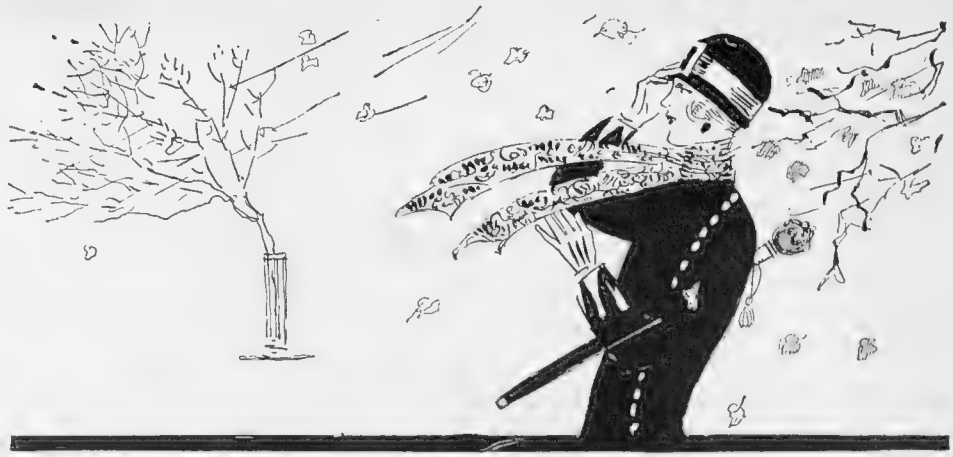
J. C. H. Balmain

MISS LAVENDER CLERK (daughter of Sir George and Lady Clerk) and MISS TURNBULL

The Frocks-Hunting Season

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE



"Autumn"

LONDON, *September* 29

DEAR COUSIN—

SOMEONE wrote once, I think, of the silence of July. . . . Of how the birds stop singing and a sort of curious hush begins. But quite noisy really and even bustling, so to speak, compared with this silence of the autumn, of the October that's just on us, when—

> The yellow air is dim for sighs;
> The dying flowers turn from the sun,
> Fading: like dreaming butterflies
> The dark red leaves drop petal-wise,
> Silently one by one.

RATHER comforting, though, methinks, this partic'lar kind of hush. When the year, as you might say, has done its damnedest and begins to slack off, to let itself go, like a beautiful woman of forty-five or so who's had her summer day of striving, and knows she can still go on being lovely in a diff'rent kind of way without trying half so hard. . . . Sort of richly restful, in a manner of speaking, with the flashing pale gold turned to a deepening russet and ripening tints that soothe the eye instead of dazzling it.

AND if every dog has its day, every day has its dog, too, what? Or in other words, seems to be a fresh and diff'rent set of pleasures attached, by some truly merciful dispensation, or whatever you call it, to each diff'rent time or season, does there not? Quite wonderful really how nicely and skilfully on the whole all these things 'pear to've been arranged for our benefit and delectation and peace of mind. No sooner, f'rinstance, does Algiers or the Lido cease to amuse, than there's Paris filling up and seductively summoning us, and when the crack of the rifle—as someone once called it—is no longer heard quite so insistently on the moors . . . lo and behold other 'luring and fascinating sports, such as hunting, arrive at our very elbow.

SO Yoicks and Tally-ho to you (said she, knowing the language) on a soft and misty morning, to quote the old ballad, only altered "to taste," as they say in the cookery recipes. One of those marvellous mornings we 'gin to get nowadays, when the air's all keen, with a tang in it, and there are autumn threads about as we fare forth quickly and tinglingly, through the shrubbery and on to the dewy lawn, just to drink it all in. And p'raps, just p'raps, there's a meet on, and people clop-cloppeting in one by one on their gees till they're all gathered in a laughing, chattering throng, and then suddenly all at once and with one accord eagerly, breathlessly off to *la chasse*. . . .

"The opening of Parliament"

PHEASANT-shooting 'gins, too, this Wednesday as ever is, though that's rather a slightly diff'rent affair in a way, isn't it, 'cos, after all, we do *eat* pheasants when shot. And Parliament opens on Tuesday, which is very nearly almost as serious, seeing as how they're going to talk about Ireland to start right away with, and that *may* mean lots and heaps more shooting than's ever likely to happen on the moors and places.

GOOD hunting to be had in town, too, these days—only it's not only fox we go after, tho' that's cert'nly one of our preys. Seeing, I mean, that the Frocks-Hunting season's started, which is really ever so much more 'portant than the other kind. And the Fashion Shows are on, and every other day there seems to be some seductive assemblage of slinky sirens at Péron's or Reville's, or Worth's or whatnot, in the temptingest of frocks, floating through flower-hung, curtained *salons* to the strains of sweet music, not unaccompanied by the faint but heartening tinkle of tea-cups to match.

RULES of frocks-hunting being every bit as strict and Medish, not to say Persian, as in the mere bucolic sport, and also hard for the beginner to acquire, seeing that some of 'em vary in the diff'rent shires—I mean shops. But, anyway, there's some that's

(Continued on page 56)

A chip of the old block

THE new 20 h.p. 6-cylinder Buick is an exact replica on a small scale of the big 6-cylinder Buick, with the same scrupulous attention to comfort, safety and fine appearance. It will follow the Buick tradition and set a new standard for all cars in its class. All models fitted with LOW PRESSURE TYRES and FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES.

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MP. 37

abs'lutely certain and fixed everywhere, such as that there isn't such a thing in the whole wide world as a waist, and that skirts are shorter again, even

"Shingled hair leads to beards"

o' nights—only then you *can* have just an inch or so more—and hats are small but tall, and the round ones 'pletely dead, anyway, *you* might just as well be, if you try to wear 'em any more.

LIKEWISE, as you know, fur of several sorts being busily hunted for all kinds of purposes and places. Even for scarves, which, by the way, seem to 've returned to favour with a perfectly surprising rush both for day and night. And they're trying to revive muffs, too, which, must say, 'll be rather a joy, some of these nippy autumn days, now it's really and officially Winter Time. Being made in quite new pumpkiny shapes, they are, and even fixed up, some of 'em, to use as bags, which'll kill two birds with one stone, so to speak. And save you buying one of the new flat leather or suede bags that's the only sort you're allowed to be seen with now—or else 'twere well nigh better, as aforesaid, to be safely tucked away beneath the sod.

TALKING, by the way, just for a moment, 'bout Ourselves, have just had a norrible shock. Was on the very point or verge of getting shingled again—after t'rific opposition from masculine quarters (how dreadf'ly conservative these men are, aren't they ?)—'cos it's going to keep on keeping on after all, I'm told, and Gladys Cooper's just had hers done all over again, after having let it grow. . . . Well, at this final and critical juncture have just heard from America (where George Washington came from) *the* most *awful* and frightful news. Seems, 'cording to one of their biggest beauty experts, that bobbed or shingled hair leads inevitably to . . . what do you think . . . beards.

LOOK at men, sez 'e, with perfectly devastating logic. *They* have the hair on their heads cut, so in revenge it comes out all over their faces. It insists on its "right to live." And so "bobbed hair to-day, bearded women to-morrow" is his dread and solemn warning. Which is enough, isn't it, to make even the most callous and reckless pause and think . . .?

"The Riviera Club re-opens on Wednesday"

QUITE a lot of shocks we seem to have been having from America lately. In the way of plays, specially, the Transatlantic variety of which 'pears to 've been more or less flooding our once self-supporting and exclusive stage. *The Fool*, f'r instance, at the Apollo, an example of what our horn-spectacled invaders can achieve or accomplish when they really give their minds to doing it on us. But Mr. Henry Ainley 's so big and charming with that lovely voice of his, and there's such a wonderful cast, you almost forget the way the author seems to think he's invented the Bible all by himself and shoots his own sort of Revised Version at us, so to speak. If they'd acted as well as written it in American, I know I should have been carried out kicking and screaming long before the end.

MUST be awf'ly good for the dance places, though, these kind of shows . . . anyway, know *I* always make a dash for it instantly almost ere the curtain's down to eat greedily—a bit of honest British grouse or even kidneys, and bacon or something, for choice—as solid prelim. to going round that nice new ebony floor at Prince's or in the secluded half-light of Oddy's or the cheerful glare of the Piccadilly or . . . Oh, by the way, d'you know that sweet riverside place, the Riviera, is just reopening, this Wednesday as ever is ?

PERFECTLY good new committee it's got, with Gladys Cooper on it and Lord Curzon (the young and scorching one), and Mr. Owen Nares and Mr. Godfrey Tearle, and Lord and Lady Hartington, and one or two more. And they've still got the Kendal Grimston band and are going to be open every night 'cept Sundays right up till half-past two. Yet another and welcome refuge in time of trouble, what ?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Another Russian Treat-y

Photograph *Maull and Fox*

Miss Lydia Kyasht and her partner, Leon Kellaway, who have been on tour with an Anglo-Russian ballet. Miss Kyasht also appeared recently at the Grafton Galleries cabaret

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A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

A TOPOGRAPHICAL book over which one lingers with delight is Mr. Gordon Maxwell's *The Author's Thames* (Palmer: 12*s.* 6*d.* net). Here you may follow the author in a literary ramble through the Thames Valley, and find the daintiest illustrations by Lucilla Maxwell scattered freely throughout every one of its gracious chapters. Of good material, of course, there is no lack. Indeed, it would seem almost as though literary folk had been converging towards the river's banks for the last three hundred years as a matter of course. Pope never lived in "his" villa, it is true, but then there are vandals in every generation. On the other hand, you may still look on an unaltered Strawberry Hill and wonder that a man of Horace Walpole's taste could have engineered such a place. Mr. Maxwell begins his ramble in Chiswick, which still has its literary men, and works up through Hampton Court, Mickleham (where Fanny Burney lived), Molesey, which once on a time was famous for its cricket, and Richmond. He has a lively pen, and must have read widely. His book, is the most pleasant companion, and one "literary gent" at least has found no mistake.

❊

JUST as our unofficial ambassadors fare forth into distant corners and take their fill of adventure, so the regular officers of the Diplomatic Service occasionally find themselves in the midst of the unlikeliest drama. Mr. Frank Rattigan is still a young man, but his adventures have been both extensive and peculiar, and you may read of them in his *Diversions of a Diplomat* (Chapman and Hall: 16*s.* net), an all-too-short volume packed full of excitements. For not only was the author in our Embassy at Berlin at the outbreak of war, but he was in Roumania at the time of that country's *débâcle*, and after the Armistice was our Charge d'Affaires there. His various escapes from an unpleasant death were of the hair-breadth order—incidentally, during the War he seems to have been shot at indiscriminately by everybody, friends and foe alike—and his last journey home through Russia with a leg inconveniently plastered up must assuredly have been the last thing in horror.

❊

AT Harrow Mr. Rattigan's cricket and rackets were of the superlative order, and his position, as I happen to remember, was that of a demi-god, but he admits that on going to the Foreign Office he felt like a new boy at his preparatory school. In Vienna he unwittingly treated a Grand Duke in anything but a grand ducal manner, and in Morocco he made friends with both Kaid Maclean and Raisuli. In Egypt he served under Kitchener, and in Berlin he had an opportunity of seeing the Crown Prince and his wife *en famille*. For the Kaiser he has not much to say, but his view of the Crown Prince and the records of their conversations are of real interest. The story of the flight from Berlin has been told before, but here is a first-hand and most thrilling account. In France during the War, Mr. Rattigan had a distinguished French dramatist as an N.C.O., and the N.C.O. conveniently lent him one of his cars. In Roumania, moreover, he more or less unwillingly won a lawn tennis championship, while war was still on, when his opponent was actually a German.

❊

LIFE in the Near East in those days was the reverse of pleasant, but he managed to obtain some good sport, and the hospitals must have blest his name when he sent them a couple of hundred birds shot under conditions which few sportsmen would care to encounter. I could have wished that Mr. Rattigan had told us of his subsequent adventures in Constantinople, but they, perhaps, are too recent for the veil to be lifted, and if you have been in the Diplomatic Service you must be discreet, even after retirement. As it stands, however, the book is delightful to read, and at least one of its many illustrations will cause you to chuckle more than once.

A BRIEF GLANCE

An impression of Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., as seen by our artist, R. Nelson

❊

THERE is a new "Sapper" book worth noting—a "Sapper" which contains more of a certain Captain Drummond and a certain unspeakable Carl. *The Third Round* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) continues the old duel between these two supermen, and I for one hope that it will not be really ended for many years to come. Here it is a question of artificial diamonds, and a professor who does not make them for money, and hair-breadth escapes, and those occasional lapses which even supermen are guilty of, and cold-blooded murders, and all those exciting and thrilling affairs about which "Sapper" knows more than anybody else. He is really a public benefactor.

❊

AS I anticipated, Professor Stephen Leacock's new book turns out to be a complete guide to life. Not only does *The Garden of Folly* (Lane; 5*s.* net) explain exactly how the weakest and laziest of us may become an athletic millionaire, but it also enables us to conduct our love affairs in a decent and orderly manner. It sketches out the progress of human knowledge in a manner which leaves H. G. Wells miles behind, and does not hesitate to draw a picture of the future whose accuracy can hardly be disputed. Moreover, it contains numerous romances of a kind which few authors are capable of constructing, and leaves an impression of such amazing scholarship that it will surprise nobody if the Professor is invited to lead the next Canadian Government.

❊

BRIDGE, I should say, is just as popular to-day as ever it was, and for a simple enough reason: there is always occurring something new or unusual, a hand, it may be to which none of the rules seems to apply, or a declaration which might only be justified on the hundredth occasion. I notice, too, that while a few people steadily improve in their play, a large number remain stationary, and to them I would recommend our Bridge correspondent's new book, *Auction Bridge Do's and Don'ts* (Methuen: 3*s.* net). Mr. Manning Foster's shrewd commentaries will need no introduction to BYSTANDER readers. His new book is exceptionally interesting and valuable, because it attacks just those problems which the average player finds so baffling. It is concise and clear, and very brightly written, and even advanced players will find it very much to their liking. R. S.

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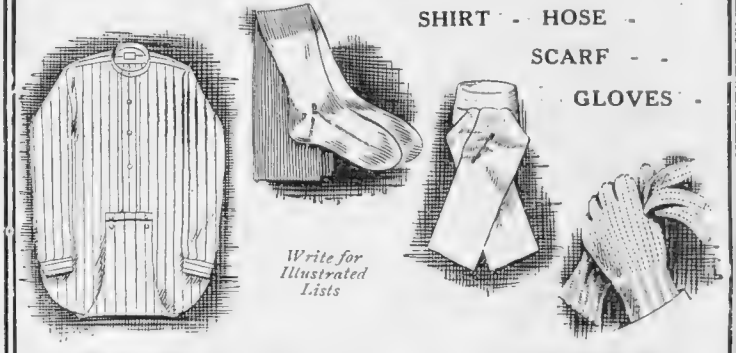

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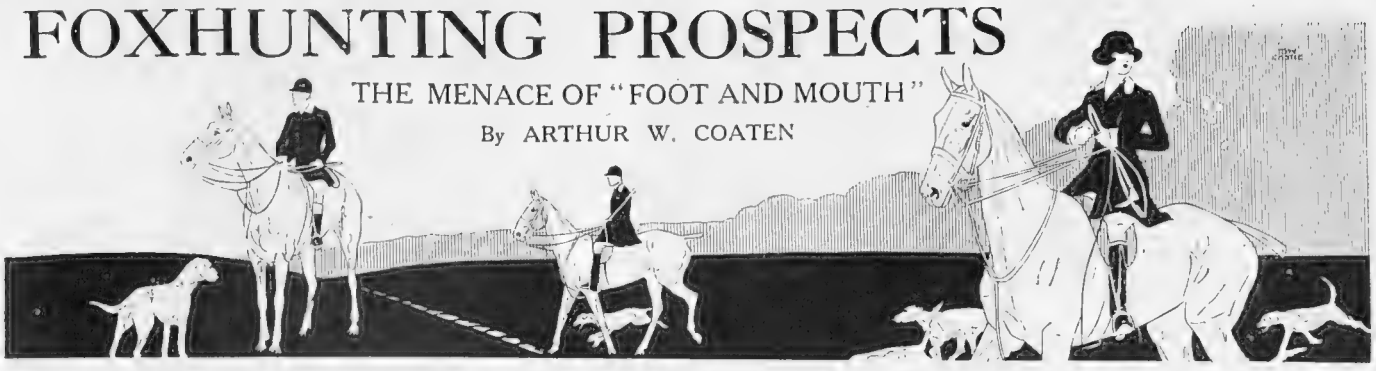
FOXHUNTING PROSPECTS

THE MENACE OF "FOOT AND MOUTH"

By ARTHUR W. COATEN



The Outlook

IT says a great deal for the vitality of foxhunting and the remarkable place it fills as one of our national institutions that the disastrous results of last season have not apparently shaken its strength. Owing to the spread of foot-and-mouth disease and the drastic restrictions which the Ministry of Agriculture imposed, last winter was about as bad as it could be in many hunting countries. Yet on the eve of another hunting season we find those countries carrying on as before, and looking forward hopefully to some uninterrupted sport. No real assurance can be given that the ensuing season will be less chequered than last winter was. In spite of the millions of money which the endeavours to fight the cattle scourge have cost, we still find the disease in many parts of the countries, and a number of packs have accordingly been interfered with in their cubhunting operations. But on all sides the feeling among hunting people is of hopefulness that better times are coming both for themselves and the cattle-breeders.

Vexatious Restrictions

IN some quarters we are told that the Government regulations regarding the foot-and-mouth trouble have been unnecessarily severe. I have heard bitter reproaches levelled against the Masters of Foxhounds' Association on the grounds of their supposed lethargy in this matter. Let it be said at once that the foxhunting authorities have had many interviews on the subject with the Ministry, without, however, being successful in securing any relaxation of the restrictions. The M.F.H. Association suggested that there should be a decrease in the area round the seat of infection of foot-and-mouth disease. They urged that, even if a fifteen-miles radius was maintained, hounds should be allowed to hunt to within five miles of the infected area. They were told that owing to international agreements for the export of cattle, the radius of fifteen miles round a case of foot-and-mouth disease could not be reduced for the purposes of hunting. Thus the regulations are very much the same as they were last season. I understand, however, that relaxations are pending.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. T. H. R. HUGHES

For many seasons this keen sportswoman has been Master of the Neuaddfawr Hounds in Wales

Photograph *Aitken*

MISS KATHLEEN STYLES

Who is looking forward to a good season with her pack, the West Kent

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS E. GUEST

Daughter of a famous Blackmore Vale M.F.H., and herself the Master and huntsman of a private pack

Still Going Strong

In the history of foxhunting there are instances of other devastating outbreaks of cattle disease, but the sport lived through the bad time, and I have no doubt that it will survive its present troubles. Hunting is not a sport of mushroom growth. For about two centuries it has been steadily increasing in popularity. In spite of many modern drawbacks it continues to flourish. The number of recognised packs of foxhounds shows no diminution. Here and there a Hunt drops out of the list every season, but new establishments spring up to fill the gaps, and our Hound List shows that about 200 different packs are beginning another season. For a variety of reasons many packs lost their Masters last spring but in nearly every instance the vacancy has been satisfactorily filled.

Significant Figures

Not long ago, interesting figures were quoted to show the importance of maintaining foxhunting. It was estimated that about 80,000 horses are kept in the country for the sport, and no fewer than 32,000 grooms are employed to look after them. Taking the wages of the men, the expenses of feeding, together with saddlery and other incidental charges connected with upkeep, it is reckoned that no less a sum than £10,000,000 is put into circulation by foxhunting. Another season of comparative idleness such as we had last winter would assuredly cause widespread distress among those who derive their livelihood from the sport.

Photograph *Special Press*

MAJOR E. W. SHACKLE

The Master of the Berks and Bucks Staghounds. With him in the picture is Mrs. Shackle

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD AND LADY CHESHAM

Like his father before him, Lord Chesham is a very successful Master of the Bicester. His wife is a fine horsewoman

Let us hope, therefore, that the worst has now been seen of the cattle scourge. Also that the agricultural authorities will make any concessions to foxhunters that are not incompatible with safety.

New Belvoir M.F.H.

One of the most interesting of the season's changes occurs in the famous Belvoir country, where the traditions of the Dukes of Rutland have been splendidly carried on in our time by Sir Gilbert Greenall and Major Thomas Bouch. After twelve seasons in the Mastership the latter has retired. To take his place the Hunt Committee selected Captain Marshall O. Roberts, who is no stranger to the country, having hunted in it for ten years when he lived at Easton Hall, near Grantham. Throughout most of the War he was on active service in France, and since then he has filled the Mastership of the South Notts pack with marked success. The leadership of the Belvoir is one of the proudest positions which foxhunting has to offer, and there is every probability that Captain Roberts will fill it with real distinction. He has started well by retaining the services

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. GILBERT GREENALL

Who, as Miss Betty Crawford, was known as one of the best riders in the Shires. She was married last month to Sir Gilbert Greenall's son

of Nimrod Capell as huntsman. The son of a great professional, Nimrod knows every yard of the country. In the kennels he has maintained the splendid record of the pack. Captain Roberts' place in the South Notts district has been taken by Mr. Robert W. Kaye, an experienced foxhunter with a wide knowledge of agriculture. Thus he is likely to prove as popular with the farmers as with the members of his field. He has engaged W. Batchelor as huntsman, and Major Cantrell-Hubbersty is to assist him as Field-Master.

Photograph W. A. Rouch

MRS. R. B. BRASSEY

After riding in the leading flight with the Pytchley and other packs, she will be hunting in Ireland this season

"Buck"

ANOTHER interesting change is that which occurs in the Warwickshire country, where there is much satisfaction that Mr. Walter Buckmaster has been prevailed upon to take over the Mastership of the county pack. This position has seemed marked out for him for a number of years past. In addition to being one of the most popular personalities in present-day sport, "Buck" is as good over a country as he is in the polo field, and that is saying a great deal. Occasionally he has served as Field-Master in Warwickshire with great success, and followers of the pack are looking forward very hopefully to sport under his régime. Mr. Buckmaster was unable to accept the Mastership on his own account, but fortunately the Hon. Edward Portman agreed to enter into partnership with him. The latter takes all the keenness of a great fox-hunting family into the office, and the combination of Buckmaster and Portman promises extremely well. Owing to foot-and-mouth disease last winter these hounds were not allowed by the Ministry of Agriculture to go hunting until the second week in February. Soon afterwards another outbreak took place, and that stopped hunting for good.

With the Quorn

THAT was the melancholy experience of a good many packs, and the Leicestershire district suffered as badly as any. It is satisfactory to know that at the time of writing the Quorn country is entirely free from the disease. Hounds began cubhunting early in September, and the district is well stocked with foxes. Given an open season, Mr. W. E. Paget and Major A. E. Burnaby should be able to make up for the disappointments of last winter. In the neighbouring Fernie country, Lord Stalbridge has been joined in the Mastership by Major H. A. Wernher, who is always splendidly mounted, and goes well to hounds. His assistance will give Lord Stalbridge greater chances in his job of huntsman, in which he shaped very well upon the few occasions hounds were able to hunt last season. There are plenty of foxes in the Fernie country, and prospects

(Continued on page 65)

Photograph Sport and General

LADY MARY FITZMAURICE AND HER FATHER, THE EARL OF ORKNEY

Who was formerly Master of the Whaddon Chase Hounds. Peace has now been restored to that much-discussed hunting country

Photograph Sport and General

MRS. IAN BULLOUGH (MISS LILY ELSIE)

Wife of the Master of the Ledbury Hounds. The most delightful star of her day in musical comedy, Mrs. Bullough is now an enthusiastic foxhunter

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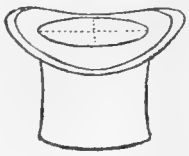

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would be very bright if it were not for the menace of foot-and-mouth.

The Pytchley

With the Pytchley, the brothers Lowther continue in the command. Frank Freeman, still unsurpassed in his profession, should show some great sport if restrictions do not interfere with hounds. The same applies to the Woodland Pytchley district, where good strong litters have been found everywhere. Captain George Bellville's young entry shows great promise. From the Grafton country is a report of plenty of foxes and very little wire.

"If"

"Prospects are good if only foot-and-mouth disease will keep away." That seems to be the tenor of the majority of the reports I have lately received. In the Albrighton country, hounds should benefit by the new kennels generously built by the members of the Hunt. Mr. Sam Loveridge, honorary secretary for fifty-three years, has resigned, and his place is filled by Captain and Mrs. F. R. Bulkeley. Mrs. Vaughan, who has done excellent work, goes on as honorary secretary of the wire committee. Some parts of the Albrighton Woodland country are rather overstocked with foxes on account of the lack of hunting last season, and this is a drawback which for a while must inevitably be experienced elsewhere. From the Badsworth country it is reported that all are anxious to see the season well started. Farmers there are most sporting, and there is a good supply of foxes all over the country. In the middle of September Lord Chesham found a portion of the Bicester country under the ban of the foot-and-mouth regulations, but there is every sign that the trouble is subsiding in this part of the kingdom. Similarly, the Blankney had their Vale country shut off last month owing to cattle disease, while the start of cubhunting in the Portman country was delayed a fortnight for the same reason. The Wilton Hounds have been hampered lately.

Women Masters

Since last season a grievous loss has been sustained in the Bedale country by the death of Lady Masham, who for several seasons had been a successful Master of the pack. The list of women M.F.H.'s is further reduced by the retirement of Mrs. F. K. Simmons from the command of the Tedworth, which now has new Joint Masters in Major H. Connop and Sir Leonard Powell. Elsewhere sportswomen continue to show sport with the hounds. Mrs. T. H. R. Hughes goes on with her Welsh pack, the Neuaddfawrr, and reports that prospects are good, though cubhunting will be late owing to the backward harvest. Miss Guest is still huntsman as well as Master of her private pack in Dorset, where foxes are plentiful, and the country wet, which will be good for cubbing. Miss Kathleen Styles enters upon her second season in command of the West Kent, and her hounds have done well among the cubs so far. Miss Eileen Berry is looking forward to another successful season with her Welsh pack, while in Ireland Mrs. W. Hall, in the Carlow country, and the Ladies Blanche and Katherine Beresford, in the Waterford country, continue to show that women can make a success of the difficult work of leading a hunting country. They should show some good sport this season.

A. W. C.

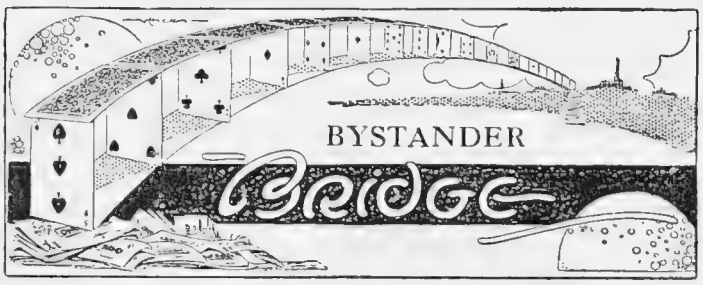
CAPT. R. B. BRASSEY
Formerly Master of the Heythrop, he has now taken over the Co. Limerick Hounds

MR. WALTER BUCKMASTER
The most famous of English polo players, has become Joint Master of the Warwickshire Hounds with the Hon. Edward Portman

MAJOR H. A. WERNHER
Keen on foxhunting as well as on polo, he has joined Lord Stalbridge in the Mastership of the Fernie pack

CAPT. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, WITH HIS WIFE AND SON
The Mastership of the superb Belvoir pack is now in Capt. Roberts's able hands

Photographs by A. W. Rouch and Sport & General



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

The Influence of Luck and of Skill

A READER in Trinidad, B.W.I., asks me what I estimate the percentage to be of (1) Declaration, (2) Play of the hand, (3) Luck. "I take it," he writes, "that this can only be based on, say, four players of more or less the same skill, playing regularly over a period. We have various heated arguments over this out here, and if you can throw any light on the matter I shall esteem it a great favour."

This is an interesting question and one on which there can be no hard and fast decision. Several attempts have been made to assess the relative values of luck and skill at Whist. Deschapelles, reputed the world's finest player, estimated personal skill at five per cent. Cavendish, in an analysis of 30,000 rubbers, placed it as low as four per cent., while Pole, the great mathematician, placed it at about ten per cent.

Auction Bridge is an easier game than Whist, but the element of bidding introduces a new factor in favour of skill.

Supposing it were possible to find four players of absolutely equal skill at Auction, and they played every day, say, twenty rubbers a day for a year, cutting for partners. Allowing for the more or less established fact that luck averages out for a regular player in the course of twelve months, one would argue that at the end of the year they would all come out pretty nearly square. Not exactly square, but there would be no considerable gains or losses.

This, is, of course, theory. It would be impossible to find four players of absolutely equal merit. You might find four players of the first rank, but even then there would be differences between them of personality and temperament which count considerably at Auction. No conclusive records or statistics can therefore be obtained.

The only fact I know is the experience of an old Whist player. In India for ten years, he played practically every day with the same set of more or less equal merit for £100 the rubber. He assures me that at the end of each year there was practically nothing in it. One player would have lost £100 or £200, and another player won that amount. But in the course of the year things would fluctuate a good deal. During a bad run, he told me, he lost £1,100, but he gradually got this back, and at the end of that "bad" year he was square. I think this is as good an example as I know of luck averaging itself out within a certain definite period. Of course, choosing a year is a purely arbitrary solution of time, but as card players who keep accounts make them up annually it is interesting to note that most of them agree that, playing regularly, luck does average itself out in the course of that period.

Personally, I estimate the percentage of luck to be from 90 to 95 per cent. Taking it at 90 per cent. and allowing 10 per cent. for skill, I should allot 6 per cent. of the ten to bidding and 4 per cent. to play.

Mr. Milton Work writes that "the percentage of luck is generally estimated at being from 80 to 95 per cent.; the determining factor, the answer to the question as to whether the percentage of skill is as low as five or as high as twenty depending upon the calibre of the players." Even the very best are not thought to have more than 20 per cent. advantage over the mediocre. In other words, in any one sitting, luck will give the weaker pair the victory whenever it furnishes them with cards one-fifth above the average.

Every one knows of countless instances in which two duds have taken a rubber or even a succession of rubbers from a pair of experts.

In the long run skill will tell, but one evening's play obviously means little.

Mr. Ernest Bergholt gave his opinion that if a good player plays 2,000 rubbers in a year against bad ones, he should certainly win on an average 1,100 of them.

Is there such a thing as a consistently good card-holder and a consistently bad card-holder?

My reason would deny it. But my experience makes me doubtful. Almost every club has its Jonah and its lucky player, nor is the lucky player necessarily a good one, nor the Jonah a bad one. If this were the case their fortunes and misfortunes would cause no comment. Is this mere superstition? Or are there people who get more than their fair average share of good cards and good luck? We know that some people seem to get all the luck in life. Why not at cards? And what is the origin of the old saying: "Lucky at Cards, unlucky in Love," and does the converse apply? I wonder——

I knew a man who told me he always won at Bridge when he quarrelled with his wife. He had many quarrels.

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

JOHN BULL'S JUNGLE—THE TRAFFIK

The brain power and eyesight of this semi-domesticated monster do not improve proportionately with its ever increasing bulk. The animal has a raucous voice and objectionable smell; because of this the peaceful public is more and more seeking refuge from it in underground subways, so that ere long the Traffik will have the road to itself. There is some idle talk of "controlling" this monster

Bystander Four Weeks Competition No. V

Problem No. 2—Second Week

(This Competition started last week, when the rules were given.)

For this week's Problem, I ask Competitors to send in particulars of the most interesting hand they have held or seen in play.

There are certain hands which stick out in the memory either on account of an extraordinary distribution of the cards or for some skilful piece of play. I do not want particularly freakish hands, nor invented hands, but I want details of hands which were remarkable in bidding and in play, either on account of unexpected success or undeserved disaster, or as the result of skilful and clever deduction and analysis. Competitors should give all four hands in full, details of the bidding, play and result. I will publish the most interesting hands sent in.

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No. 64. The carpet illustrated herewith is typical of the many examples of distinguished designs and decorative colourings which Hamptons are constantly producing, after exceptionally fine and rare Oriental pieces.

This design is specially interesting and the colourings are conspicuously rich. It is made in an extra quality and Hamptons confidently recommend it to withstand the hardest wear and to give the greatest satisfaction. This carpet has a ground of rosy mulberry colour. It is also made with an exceedingly rich blue ground.

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7 6 x	4 6	4	11	3	10 6 x	9 0	12	15	6	15 0 x	11 3	22	16	3	18 0 x	13 6	32	17	0
7 6 x	6 9	6	17	0	12 0 x	9 0	14	12	0	15 0 x	13 6	27	7	6	19 6 x	11 3	29	13	0
9 0 x	6 9	8	4	6	13 6 x	9 0	16	8	6	16 6 x	11 3	25	2	0	19 6 x	13 6	35	11	9
10 6 x	6 9	9	11	6	12 0 x	11 3	18	5	0	16 6 x	13 6	30	2	3					

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OLYMPIA LONDON W

THE GREAT SHOW

HOW TO ENJOY IT

By "THE KENNELMAN"

TO-DAY brings what is incomparably the most important event in Dogdom's year: The Kennel Club's sixty-third annual Show, of well over 700 separate Classes. And next week—October 8 and 9—will bring the Scottish Kennel Club's Show, in Edinburgh, with 500 Classes.

No other Dog Show in the world has the prestige and interest of the K.C. Show, and its very able Secretary, Mr. H. T. W. Bowell, is to be congratulated upon the fact that the two-day Exhibition which opens at the Alexandra Palace this Wednesday promises to overpass all previous records, in several different ways.

So far as Dogs are concerned, Britain shows no sign of losing her admitted position of world-leadership. The K.C. Show is always connected with palaces; and this year it will be found to be better housed and staged than ever at the Alexandra, a point easy to reach by train, tube, bus or tram.

It is by no means for breeders and fanciers alone that this is a function of unique interest. (The Dogs themselves—bless 'em, every one!—know a great deal about it, and perfectly understood preparations in every big Kennel in the Kingdom have keyed them all up to the —*nth* point of anticipation long beforehand.) It is to be noted that to-day and to-morrow will bring also the finest possible opportunity for every doggy novice, for everyone who is thinking of "getting a Dog," for every man, woman and child who is fond of Dogs; and in England this embraces most people who are not cranks.

Barring only accidental absences, it's safe to say that, in all the hundred varieties recognised, the best Dogs in Britain will be on view at the Alexandra Palace this week; and that is to say the finest Dogs in the world—surely a spectacle, an opportunity not to be missed, on any account. To get the best out of it, it is well to keep one or two points in mind. It's too fine and big a review to be approached casually.

First, secure a catalogue, so that you may know the name and family of every Dog you inspect. (They are mostly princes of the blood.) This will enable you to take special breeds in any given order of precedence, and know just where to look for them. If you want to make sure of seeing the judging, be on hand well before lunch on the opening day, and proceed at once to locate the judging rings of your particular varieties.

Never lay hand upon a Dog you don't know, unless by the invitation of its exhibitor. The nervous tension among thousands of highly bred Dogs gathered together for exhibition is pretty high. It's very unfair to the Dogs, and their breeders, for strangers to handle them. Apart from any other consideration, it's the easiest thing in the world for the casual passer-by to convey infection from one bench to another, on hand, or glove, or coat-sleeve; and the outcome of such apparently trivial mischances may carry death and devastation through whole kennels weeks later, and hundreds of miles away.

Don't make the obvious mistake of fancying that only exhibits with prize-cards over their heads are worth examination. In each Class there may well be finer Dogs than you have ever before examined, with never a sign of a card. Finally, anyone not too arrogant or tactless in approach can learn a lot from exhibitors and kennelmen, as well as from study of the exhibits. The big Show gives opportunity for converse with the most knowledgeable doggy men and women in the country—especially when the judging of their particular varieties is over. It's a great *tamasha*. Whatever you do, don't miss it.

An Exquisite Cameo of Old-World Flowers

The choice of dainty perfumes is the crowning touch to the perfect toilet. Delicate in their bouquet Zenobia Flower Perfumes without being intrusive, impart an atmosphere of cool fragrance which is altogether delightful. True to Nature they are as sweet and fresh as the breath of the actual flowers.

ZENOBIA PERFUMES

Three typical Zenobia Flower Perfumes are:—

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—An inimitable, lingering fragrance—a pure perfume joy.

Sweet Pea Blossom.—The original scent of this name, and the only one true to the perfume of the natural bloom.

Night Scented Stock.—Something more than a memory of this fragrant old-world favourite.

Prices 3/-, 5/-, 8/6, 15/6.

Make this Test

Send for a Bijou Trial Box of Soap, Perfume, Powder and Sachet. State which perfume you prefer—Lily of the Valley, Sweet Pea Blossom or Night Scented Stock. Enclose 1d. P.O., and address Zenobia Limited, (Dept. L.), Loughborough, Leicestershire.

The Kennel Club Show

Benched and Fed by "SPILLERS"

No higher tribute could possibly be paid to efficient service and 'quality goods' than to be called upon to bench and feed the world's Championship Dog Show—namely, the Kennel Club Show.

This privilege is in Spillers hands for 1924, 1925 and 1926.

Come to the Alexandra Palace October 1/2 and see the dogs enjoying their feed of 'Osoko'—and puppies 'Saval.'

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Study of Miss Nora Swinburne wearing Ciro Pearls

Lovely & Lasting

The artist in his studio, the craftsman at his bench, works with knowledge and enthusiasm to fashion what is beautiful and lasting. Thus are Ciro Pearls produced by specialists who by long experience are skilled in making replicas of ocean pearls that absolutely defy detection from the real. But as Ciro Pearls alone possess all the rare qualities that individual artistry imparts, be sure that you get true

Ciro Pearls

('Ciro' is pronounced 'Seero')

You can satisfy yourself that this claim is true by visiting our showrooms or sending One Guinea for a Ciro Pearl necklet, 16 inches long, with gold clasp in case. Wear for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference return them to us and we will refund your money in full.

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·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

Michaelmas Goose.

"September, when by Custom (right divine)
Geese are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's shrine."
– Churchill.

The custom of having a roast goose to dinner on Michaelmas Day is a very old one. It has probably no other origin than that Michaelmas Day used to be a great festival, and that geese were most plentiful at that time of year.

It's a wise old custom to

take a peg of
John Begg!

By Appointment since 1848.

The Scotch Whisky that has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

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FEMINA

ON REVIVALS

By "CANDIDA"

In England winter glides imperceptibly into spring. What I really mean is that in March the sun does sometimes shine on a heaven-sent morning, sufficiently anyway to make you feel that your old fur coat is *de trop* . . . and the end of that story is Influenza. But in autumn there's no imperceptibility about the way things happen. The people who have bought their furs are already wearing them, whatever the temperature, and when that happens the last vestige of the golden days is definitely over.

Not that they ever began. When I think of the muslins I bought in optimistic mood last July! And for muslins read organdie and crepe *meteore* and georgette, and all sorts of flimsy expensive things; the principle's the same, though the manner, and especially the price, of their gauziness may vary. But why think? Sufficient unto the moment are the new plays, the new shows, and the new clothes which we welcome the autumn in. And then the amazing energy of us all! It's wonderful what a change of rain has done for most of us!

There's the new figure, for instance. Yes; they're actually trying to revive the snows—I mean the curves of yester-year. Be not alarmed, all ye that labour with thinning salts and rubber stays and things, success is out of the question. Women may be wonderfully clever at hitching on to a new idea in the way of a new frock, or a new complexion, but they're desperately conservative *au fond* about their principles, if they have them, or the figure which just now they haven't got, nor mean to have. *La garçonne* is still very much in the picture. When Monsieur Margueritte first described the new morals of the lady, he thought he was throwing light on a type. Not at all; he was creating a new figure, had he but known it. Nor does he know it now, because the connection between morals and up-and-downness isn't exactly obvious. What *is* obvious to me is that the people who've taken to strenuous golfing, and one meal a week, and rubber next to their skin, all for the good cause, whose labours to reduce have reduced life to a labour, aren't likely to throw it all up because Juno's supposed to be in the fashion once again. With all her good looks, the dear lady has no use for the immaturity of youth; whereat we differ, we who have discovered the secret of looking like twenty—from the back, anyway.

As everybody knows, the joys of life "they have their day and cease to be." Therefore, it's surely written in the stars that even Juno will come into her own again sooner or later. The successful people are those who anticipate the inevitable and get their goods in before the demand. It never was a paying game to be a foolish virgin, but to be always anticipating the psychological moment before it arrives isn't exactly wisdom either. The habit's responsible for most of the rumours which scare us peace-loving folk out of our wits—and our money. Perhaps it's just as well. What would life be without its rumours, without the things which might happen, even if they never do? Think of it! Nothing to read about in the papers, except the way they're mismanaging our affairs, and how badly some people behave.

It's all very well to say that the pencil outline has lived long enough. But how to change from flatness absolute to the curves which they say will be essential to beauty (in a fortnight) is another story. People have been known at "stick it on"; they do some wonderful things at the *corsetière's*, but the result is never all that one has hoped for. Nature is still better at the game than all the arts, but she doesn't hurry herself ever, and we can't expect it of her. The new frocks don't anyway. They're all of a terrific up and downness, and don't encourage the least hint of a curve anywhere.

It's amusing the way history repeats itself—always a little differently, of course, or life wouldn't be worth living. When after years and years you dig up any old fashion in clothes, or in plays, or whatever it is, it always turns out to be the last word in modern daring. For instance, I went to see *The Bells*, that good, old-fashioned horror on which they brought up our grandmothers. I condescended to it; I made excuses for its obviousness; I reasoned that it was almost, though not quite, *vieux jeu* enough to be interesting. Consider, therefore, my dismay when I heard that a famous critic had discovered those despised *Bells* to be a perfect example of the new expressionist drama! Whereupon there's nothing more to be said except perhaps "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*"

It's just the same with the *dernier cri* in clothes. Do you remember long, long ago those dreadful hair bracelets and funny little brooches which people wore in the benighted days? And there was worse. At a sale of Victorian relics I stumbled upon a picture (so-called) embroidered in strands of chestnut hair. Imagine a lady all sloping shoulders and ringlets standing by a lake fringed with weeping willows and underneath the word: "Souvenir." All I asked was to forget the tragedy of the patience that had gone to the making of that hideosity. Actually it's been decided to revive this hair business, not the pictures and the brooches as yet, but hair embroidery is to be the last word in the trimming of winter coats. Think of the intriguing newness of a collar and cuffs of auburn hair worked into cunning patterns with a couple of plaits for streamers, especially if you happen to have a shingled head of the same colour. You don't like the idea? I'm not sure that I do, but I see great possibilities of combining smartness and economy. To wear your own hair on your coat instead of your head is like eating your cake and having it. And as for beauty, well, it'll be no uglier than monkey-fur as trimmings go.

Photograph *Revelle*

BABETTE AND GRAHAM

Who have been giving some neat exhibition dances at the Empress Rooms, Kensington

Photograph *Femina*

PARISIAN "CHIC"

A delightful Persian turban model straight from Paris. Of white metallic ribbon in blue and gold, its decided "chic" is enhanced by the daring bow on top

An Interview with

"MR. CHRYSLER, why did you build the Chrysler Car?"

"Because I have been convinced for years that the public has such a car as its ideal . . . a car adequately roomy for five people yet not extravagantly large and heavy when required for only one or two; economical to own

The Phaeton Touring Car

and to run. And, above all, embodying first-class quality from head-lights to tail-light."

"Will you state your conception of that ideal car?"

"My conception is that of scores of thousands whose requirements are practical, not visionary.

The Car That Most Drivers Want

"What these drivers want is, briefly, this—"A perfectly-balanced six-cylinder engine with top speed of over 70 miles an hour, fine performance; petrol and oil economy; simplicity and accessibility throughout; lots of room; real comfort; driving convenience and ease; light weight; wheelbase built to fit into an ordinary garage; quality materials and workmanship; attractive appearance; complete modern equipment."

"How did you set about building a car to meet such an ideal, Mr. Chrysler?"

"The plan has been growing in my mind for years, and about four years ago the car we now offer began to take definite shape.

"The first step was to get the help of two or three engineers I know, each a specialist in his particular field.

Nothing To Hinder Ideal Design

"There were none of the usual engineering handicaps; no existing machinery, tools, jigs and dies to be considered; no pre-determined factory organisation to hamper us; no executive fads or whims to be satisfied. We have made no compromises. These engineers of ours have solved scientifically every vexing problem of the past."

"And what has been the result of that policy, Mr. Chrysler?"

"Well, while owners will appreciate the fine features of our design, every engineer in the industry will *know* that they mean the highest quality job that can be built."

"Why did you follow such rigid standards?"

"To make our car truly ideal. I tell you emphatically that anything less than the finest would take years off the life of this car. You know that the best results—in looks, in performance, in economy, in durability—can't be obtained without the best design, materials and workmanship."

"Are some of these Chrysler superiorities where the buyer can see them?"

"One look at the car will answer that question.

Extraordinary Air of Distinction

"Your good taste will tell you at once that here is perfect balance of proportion and blending of line. You will also feel that here is an exceptionally fast car, largely because it is built so low to the ground.

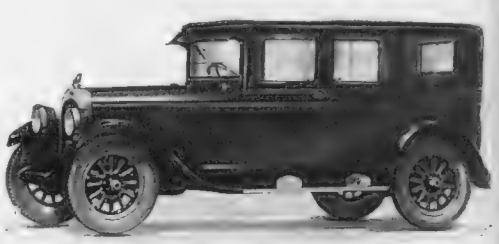
"Your first glance tells you how attractive the Chrysler is; but it does not tell what it gives in the way of generous interior space.

"So skilfully have the engineers manipulated the elements of weight, length and space that you are actually subjected to what amounts to an optical illusion. You receive the impression of length far beyond the actual fact; and when you step into the car you find that the apparent illusion, in so far as space is concerned, is not an illusion at all.

"You are literally amazed at the generous space, which confirms the first impression of length.

"You may judge for yourself of the door handles and inside appointments. I can only say you could find nothing finer.

"No car has, or could have, better



The Imperial Saloon

upholstery. Try the seats for yourself. You've heard a lot of talk about sitting 'in' a car, not 'on' it; but here's a car in which that quality is self-evident.

"Bear in mind that this car is built for

The Chrysler Six

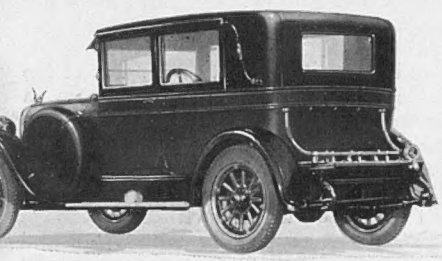
W. P. Chrysler

ıe owner-driver, then look at the con-ols. First of all, there's the perfect alance of the instrument board. econdly, there's absolute completeness, l right in front of the driver's eyes, ıd so simple you can scarcely believe 's all there—ammeter, oil pressure, etrol gauge, engine temperature gauge radimeter, speedometer, light control, nition switch, carburettor adjustment.

Now let us look inside the bonnet. ll venture the opinion that you never w such a clean-cut, simple and acces-ble engine. It is free from mechanical ovelties, but two of its worth-while and ıusual features are the oil-filter and the r-filter.

Vibrationless power at all speeds is ıother notable feature. So perfect the balance of reciprocating parts, ıd so painstaking is the workmanship, at the Chrysler engine is truly without bration. A ride in the Chrysler is a velation of smoothness.

Examine the four-wheel hydraulic akes on the Chrysler. Here is a *real* ur-wheel braking system—velvety



The Brougham

ft, more certain than a mechanical ake, perfect in equalisation, fast and sitive in control.

And have you noticed the tubular ont axle? This Chrysler front axle sign not only takes into consideration the static load—the up-and-down strain, you know—but also the torsion strains of front-wheel braking.

New Mounting of Springs Prevents Sidesway

"Remember that disagreeable side-sway you have frequently experienced? That was due to springs close to the frame and parallel to it.

"Now look at the Chrysler springs. Note how far apart they are; how they are mounted close to the wheels and parallel to *them*, not to the diagonal sides of the frame.

"The result is the total elimination of sidesway, and this, joined with the flexibility of long, flat spring-leaves, and the taking up of road jolts by snubbers, produces in the Chrysler a riding ease never before attained in any car."

"*And does the Chrysler car fully satisfy the public ideal you set out to realise?*"

"The best answer I could give is to ask you to read the specifications and then take a ride in the car.

"Here are just a few plain facts, based on thousands of miles of driving under all sorts of roads and traffic conditions:

"Average petrol consumption over 24 miles to the gallon.

"Over 25,000 miles without having to clean carbon—or grind valves—or make any adjustments—and the engine still running as sweetly as a watch.

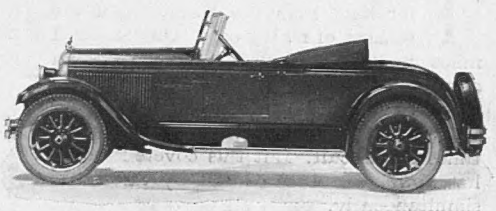
"Seventy-five miles an hour, absolutely without vibration, after 25,000 miles of continuous driving.

"Develops more than sixty-eight horse-power—and that from an engine of 3 inch bore with an R.A.C. rating of 21·6.

"Over-all length of touring car only 160 inches, yet room enough for five adult passengers.

"Touring car weight 2,650 pounds, yet as steady riding as any two and a half ton car, with a low centre of gravity that produces a really wonderful riding comfort.

"Extra large tyres—30 inch x 5.77



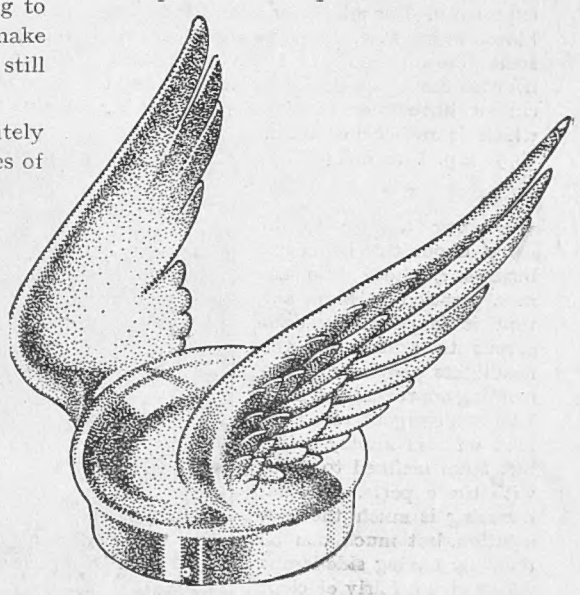
The Two-Seater

Semi-Balloon—good for extraordinary long mileage.

"If these do not meet the ideal of more experienced drivers than any other car in the world, our experience and judgment have led us astray."

"*But isn't such a car—one of such wonderful abilities and built of the best materials on the market—beyond the reach of the very people to whom it is the ideal?*"

"I'll leave that to you; for the one thing in the whole car of which I am most proud is the price."



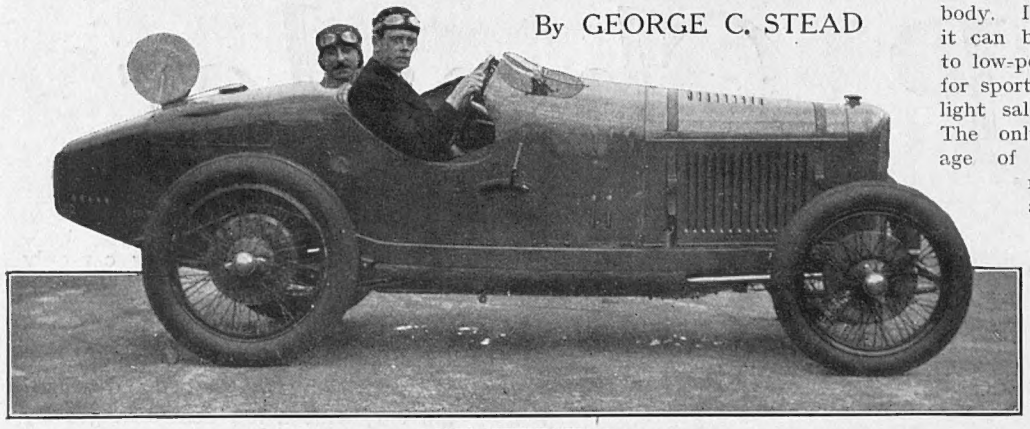
ull particulars of this remarkable new car can be obtained from:

MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTORS, LTD.,

laxwell Works, Mortlake Road, KEW GARDENS, SURREY.

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD



SOME SPEEDSTER!

Mr. K. Lee Guinness at the wheel of his Darracq, with which he recently won the Junior Car Club's 200 miles race at Brooklands, at an average speed of a paltry 102·27 miles per hour. Darracq cars, curiously enough, also gained second and third places in this race

TWO HUNDRED miles in two hours has for long been the ambition of the makers of racing cars. One hundred miles in sixty minutes has become an almost common experience, but the doubling of the distance would appear to make the achievement at least four times as difficult. But this coveted record has now been obtained and by three cars simultaneously.

* * *

IT was the three Darracqs in the recent 200-mile race who put up the wonderful performance of covering 200 miles in less than two hours, their average speed being 102.27 m.p.h. The last car of the three finished exactly two seconds after the winner, perhaps the most striking example of consistent running which has ever taken place on the track.

* * *

NOW that the really short evenings are with us, we have come hard up against the problem of lighting. The first few evenings after the abolition of Summer Time were a revelation of the enormous increase in motoring which had taken place during the season. Driving against the stream of returning traffic one Sunday evening, I have never had a more miserable experience. For mile after mile, headlights blazed in my face. Some were switched off some were dimmed, but I was particularly nervous the whole time. My average speed cannot have been more than 10 m.p.h., which is rather low for a 30/98 h.p. Vauxhall!

* * *

WHAT are we to do about this headlight business? Those who are in a position to know say that it is positively dangerous to switch off the headlights entirely when meeting approaching traffic. I know divergent views are held on this knotty point, but I am inclined to agree with the experts. Gradual dimming is much the best solution, but much can be done by having side-lamps which give a fairly efficient driving light. If greater attention were to be devoted to the setting of the headlamps, less would be heard of this glare problem. Too many lamps are tilted upwards, so that the main beam comes straight into the driver's eyes, and quite a large number are turned outwards to the off side of the road, which again is conducive to dazzle.

* * *

I HAD an alarming experience the other day. I was carrying out speed tests of a new model (not of British manufacture), and had reached quite a considerable velocity. Suddenly a terrifying front wheel wobble started, which reacted through the steering wheel to my arms. The only cure I could find was to reduce the speed. Now the makers of this car pride themselves on the steering, and were obviously perturbed at my experience. Personally, I am of the opinion that this fault had little to do with the design of the car. It arose, I think, from the front wheels being badly out of balance. Large tyres were fitted, and any slight inequality in weight would be considerably accentuated at speeds over 60 m.p.h. I feel sure that if the wheels had been accurately balanced the trouble would not have arisen.

* * *

ONE usually starts to discuss weather protection at this time of the year, but the summer just passed brought this problem up a long time ago! I hear that the increasing uncertainty of our British climate is causing more and more attention to be devoted to the permanently enclosed body. Many new designs are being evolved, and will be seen at the forthcoming Olympia Show. I expect to see considerably increased popularity of the fabric closed body. It is so light and so silent, and it can be fitted with such great success to low-powered chassis. Personally, even for sporting purposes, I think that the light saloon is an ideal type of body. The only drawback is the vast acreage of glass, which is somewhat vulnerable. I know there is unbreakable glass, but the necessarily increased cost must obviously restrict its sales.

* * *

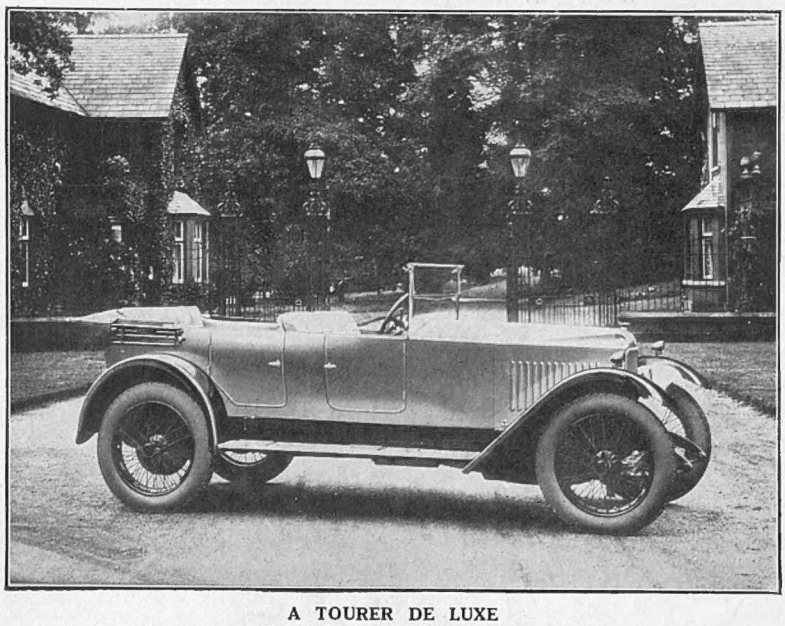
THE new 14/45 h.p. Rover, which has just been introduced, is a very sound production. In the past, Rovers have engaged a reputation second to none for reliability and economy, but they have never made any pretensions to building a very fast car. In the new model, they have, however, a car which should be particularly speedy. It has an overhead camshaft and overhead valves, and has been designed by the great Mr. P. A. Poppe (of engine fame). Other attractive features of the design are four-speeds and a reverse, a four-wheel braking system, balloon tyres, etc., etc. The Rover range will consist for 1925 of this new car, the ever-popular 8 h.p. and the 9 h.p. four-cylinder, which was recently introduced and which is in future to be known as the 9/20 h.p.

* * *

WE are now in the month of motor shows. The Paris Salon is on the eve of opening, and our own show at Olympia will open its doors to the public on Friday, October 17, at 10 a.m. There is every indication that this will be the most important show since the Armistice. Prices have been gradually coming down, quality and workmanship have been improving, and it can therefore be claimed that the 1925 model offers better value than ever before. Notable features of the forthcoming show will be an increase in the popularity of closed bodies, a more widespread use of balloon tyres, and extended fitting of four-wheel brakes. One alteration to the rules of the exhibition will be welcomed by visitors, although perhaps not so popular with the stand attendants; that is that the show will remain open until 10 p.m. on each day, instead of closing at 9 p.m. as in 1924. The prices of admission are 5*s.* for most days, with the exception of Fridays and Saturdays, when the charge will be 2*s.* 6*d.*

* * *

I SEE that one of my pet test hills has now been labelled as unfit for motorists. It is that nice little climb from Ambleside to the Kirkstone Inn, three miles long—a lovely hill. The R.A.C. took the matter up with the Westmorland C. C. with the result stated, but I do not think the notice-board will prevent the Motor Cycling Club taking most of their members up it next Whitsuntide.



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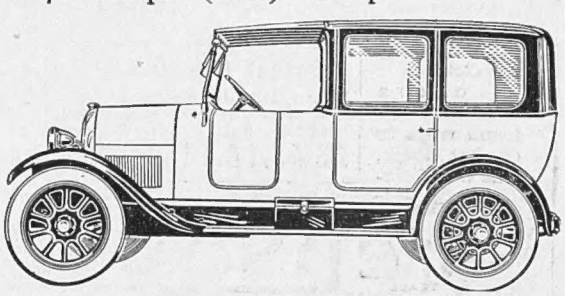

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